

1992

Best of

-travelling in North Korea (Oppa)

-began music

-a date with the Prince of Malaysia

-Urban lifestyle

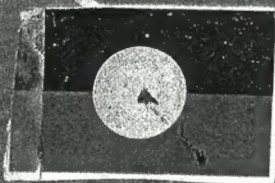
-Township Country Music Fest



This zine was written on

Woiworung, Yuggera, Barunggam,
Wolna, Larrakia, Yolngu, Muralag
Kala Lagaw Ya, Punuba, and, Meriam Mir

Country



ALWAYS WAS, ALWAYS WILL BE,
ABORIGINAL AND TORRES STRAIT ISLANDER
LAND

June 7th, 2016

It's been a long time between issues. Technical failures and being robbed at knife point, with the original hardcopy in my back pack, have had significant influence with releasing issue 3. As a reaction I went through a period of jadedness with public writing.

Most of the content was written in the month before release. Journal entries were used a lot to assist in the writing process.

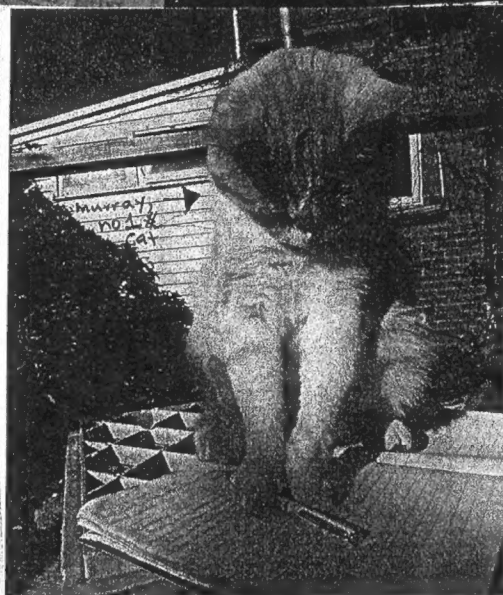
This issue is raw. Some of the articles didn't even get a rough draft, just straight to the page you see in front of you. This stems from a combination of procrastination and packing up Melbourne life, preparing to move overseas indefinitely.

Although it's a living room table zine series, lots of intense stuff is packed in too. Trigger warnings are on some pages; and there's a sealed section.

Writing this issue has been hilarious and sad, and everything in between.

The Gutterslug Zine Series exists because the people I lived with in homeless shelters asked me to continue scribbling on paper - because they couldn't read or write. Most of them are dead now. The State has dug a grave for me too, but they haven't been able to put me in it.

Murray has been great company throughout this mammoth task. From what I can tell Murray is a fan of "Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cow-boys" as he has a tendency to gallop in from the backyard when ever I blast it during a break from the typewriter.



'Directory Assistance' have been a key part of uttering coming out ontime. As someone who doesn't own a smart phone, with internet available only during the hours of 10-5 at the library, throughout writing this zine I've rung them many a time late at night asking for facts that arn't in the house library. Directory Assistance provided phone numbers to various associations that would answer my questions at midnight. In my opinion, the (North) Korean Friendship Association have many distorted views on what is happening in the DPRK, but they still know the exact location of where Kim Jong Suk was born. (Kim Il Sung's missus, born on December 24th, Juche Year 6, in Osandok, Hoeryong County, North Hamgyong Province).

Without the encouragement from friends this issue wouldn't have come into fruition. Life threw a few shit ones at me recently. I've learnt to walk again, twice, from separate injuries that occurred whilst sober. Sometimes I wonder if just staying drunk would be a safer option for me, fought off cervical cancer and went through a really-fucking-grimas-fuck winter. It's not a pretty sight when a dancer throws a tantrum after stacking it on crutches in the misserable rain. The wonderful, inspiring and positive mates in my life have given me strength when the goings gotten tough.

Thank you a metric shit tonne GC's! Ya know who you are xxx.



The title page and this intro photo were taken in the Essendon map room (2).

Nothin beats abita spud gun action midweek inside the house! Cheers to chaos and living the dream!

We only live once, lets give it a real hot go!

I moved back to Australia when I was 221. My partner from the Philippines and I were seperated due to various devastating beauracratic circumstances. This is a diary entry written six months after returning to Australia
a racist disgusting fortress of a continent

its a blindingly heartwrenching, spearingly painful expierence that leaves you in a deep sess pit of utter sadness. the torment makes your bones shudder with grief. skin get goosebumps, hairs raise like fine needles penetrating your flesh, leaving you tossing and turning, midnight sweats, hindered into a hypnotise were you feel lacerated away from love. the hollow crippling feeling when state resources attempt to extinguish the burning flame of passion with their intricate strategies of pilferage on autonomy. the instinct kicks in you both have been more than pitocketed of a future together. screaming in pain at the faceless documentation that holds so much weight. that has a grapple on the tomorrows ahead. the state idea of the grand finale of lovers to share the lands they live on together, rejected by immigration. ink depleted to officialise restrictions on movement and love, with hearts and strength drained fighting in a cage with no opening for growth. rage runs through the circulatory system sending you into a constantly turning corkscrew of never ending longingness to

Tear Apart. Every. Single. Fucking. Border. Smash. By. Smash

until the dream of being in your lovers arms, and other lovers being able to be in each others arms, becomes so entwind in your existence that every heart beat, every breath you take, every dance move you make, every mountain you climb, every attack on the apparatuses of the state you do, every fucking paradigm possible of living the world, is directly interlinked through seeing out of eyes that know the raw reality of state control. the immense power and potential, of simple, but absolute distrust and sheer hatred for the State;

concreted further, for a lifetime

E U C K B O R D E R S

Manila to Mindanao

Our eye lids struggle to stay open
Days, nights; to many to count
On the remote and rugged pot hole ridden 2 lane highway
Littered with police checkpoints and slow moving roadwork
On the northern side of the equator
Hitchhiking from Manila to Mindanao

Moments pass; patience stands the test of time
Sitting in the dirt, next to our backpacks
Weaving together in Waray, Tagalog and english
stories swap of other moments that have passed
In our lives, before our souls crossed paths
And left us stranded between the mighty mountains of Samar
Holding histories of struggle for autonomy

A cocktail of curiosity and the feeling of freedom;
A want to explore the south and each others realities-
As friends from different places; different previous lives;
Nurtured the departure from hectic smog filled streets of Manila
Where the daily grind enforced by invisible offshore hands
Confiscates the precious time that be had
While being on the back of a moving truck
together We breathe in fresh moments each second
As we force through the taboos of centuries old
Hang-ups from conservative catholicism

The night sky shines bright over the barangay playground
As we tagai from the sari-sari 1L Red Horse beer bottle
Whispering quietly as we anticipate
the arrival of A midnight rolling rickety coal truck

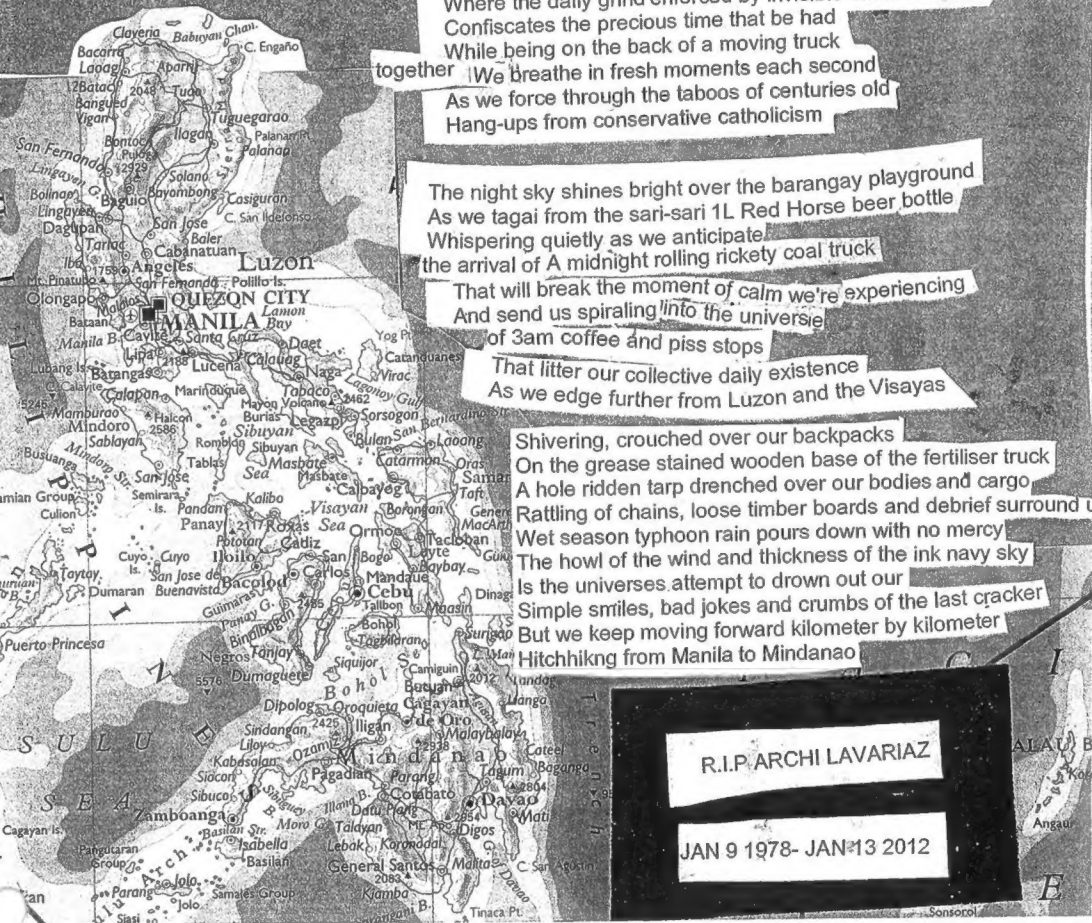
That will break the moment of calm we're experiencing
And send us spiraling into the universe
of 3am coffee and piss stops

That litter our collective daily existence
As we edge further from Luzon and the Visayas

Shivering, crouched over our backpacks
On the grease stained wooden base of the fertiliser truck
A hole ridden tarp drenched over our bodies and cargo
Rattling of chains, loose timber boards and debris surround
Wet season typhoon rain pours down with no mercy
The howl of the wind and thickness of the ink navy sky
Is the universes attempt to drown out our
Simple smiles, bad jokes and crumbs of the last cracker
But we keep moving forward kilometer by kilometer
Hitchhiking from Manila to Mindanao

R.I.P. ARCHI LAVARIAZ

JAN 9 1978- JAN 13 2012



im living breathing pausing existing; within the concrete slabs, glass panes and steel infrastructure that reach for the sky, leaving only shadows, trapping in the exhaust from turnouts jeepney motors of manila. its a mishmashed stir crazy grinding unutilized and dirturbed motor running on its own ingestion and reflux of western consumerism, capitalist competitive pursuits and the facade that happiness arrives in green and yellow paper notes.

american, japanese, and spanish occupation maintain a grip on every facet of life here.

cock fighting roosters flutter and squawk in the hot manila sun their hormone pumped legs tied with rope to a stick. black cats growl and gnaw at their fly infested wounds. rabid foam and drool drips from their jaws.

sewer rats scuttle between the glass, food scraps, human feces plastic bags and broken childrens toys.

from the other side of the concrete slab an elderly kapit bahay coughs, splutters, howls then lets out an excruciating screech of pain.

Children scream, tsineleas shuffle followed by a chorus of wails teenage wives, nursing babies, lean over charcoal burners and prepare

kanin for their husband, toddlers and uncles. Young men parade with guns tucked into the elastic of shorts ready to release the tension of yesterdays.

a deals being shifted from area D to B. the income for two months it carries the consequence of lifetime incarceration if caught without bail. in quezon city jail, the philippines other options are iewland far between, for a waray squatter in the smog of the bagalog bias capital

grins with no teeth, sun worn skin, singlet, tsineleas the men sit all day, everyday, resilience in their eyes with peso coins and crumpled worn notes

chasing the crack dragon at a ricketty rotting table, dusty dirt floor

gambeling straights, flushes, pairs luck for their childrens future, and more red horse stallion beer bottles

billiards work around the clock, in squatters time sunk by the winnings and loses of rotation

gambeling away tomorrow while waiting for today to end.

jeepney- usa army jeep from white. now public transport. agent- street dog about 1000 pesos- monthly. tsineleas- rice. the squatters- silent slum.

URBAN HITCHHIKING

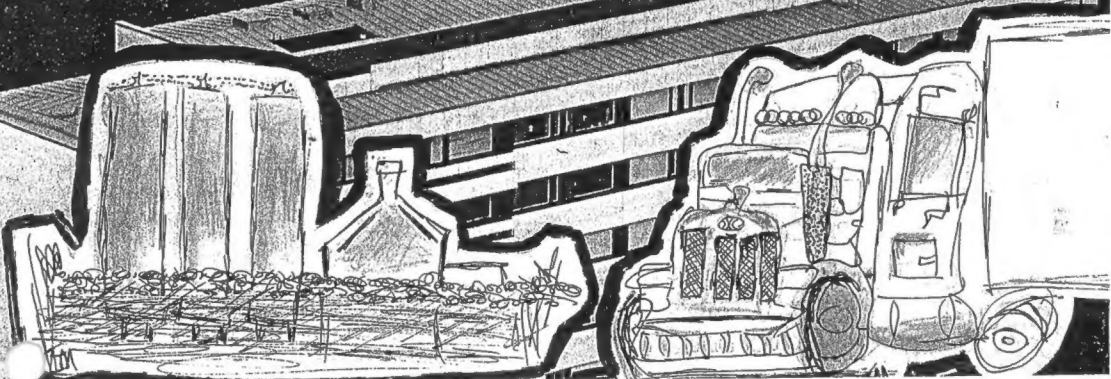
My favourite time of the year to bust it out is New Years Day. Heaps of straight-ish people are driving home, nursing hangovers and thinking about work resuming the next day. More often than not, they have some kind of drug leftover in a pocket or wallet. Generally they desperately want to discard said item. Sometimes its offered immediately upon entering the vehicle.

Perhaps this is a sub-conscious attempt to shake from their mind the previous wild night. Drugs aren't cheap in Australia. A dero can accept this fantastic opportunity to assist with eliminating the presence of the drivers party powders.

Generally, people picking me up on this day are pretty decent, and have the good-samaritan-turning-over-a-new-leaf vibe going on. However, sometimes they are feeling the post-banquet-of-excessive-celebration emotions; guilt, sadness, confusion; coming down. Usually I avoid this type of lift when hitchhiking but on this particular day its hard to judge who will spontaneously burst into tears. It truly is a rough and tumble time of the year. Needless to say given the urban senario its roughly an hour of car time with them. In the event that everything fails to cheer them up, I usually consult the radio on classic hits gold fm and resort to the safe place in my mind of brazen singing. Heck, I'm on the way to the next party, high again, on complementary drugs.



Strategic positionment in urban areas has proven more vital than the usual highway hitchhiking routine. Footscrays' corner of Dynon Road and Hopkins Street works a treat as the nearby Port of Melbourne is the largest shipping yard in Australia. The Byron St sharehouse, full of GCs, was also a stones throw away, if ya fancied predrinks. One Saturday evening Annand and I just couldn't be fucked catching the train and dealing with ticket inspectors and public transport pigs; so we tried our luck. Literally within a minute we were in a truck, opening up a bottle of passion pop, on the way to the Newport show three suburbs away. dropped off out the front of the warehouse-silo party in a stylish semi-trailer.



Up Shits Creek in
the clouds.

AirAsia

Upon boarding the local bus to the Bangkok International Airport, signs of something internally being of an unsatisfactory level became apparent. I broke out into a rising temperature, and my

guts had that deep slushy heavy feeling. At the airport diarrhoea attacked on a full scale level, whilst bound to the toilet I popped the anti-gastro and anti-nausea pills from my first-aid kit. I awkwardly sweated through the formalities in what felt like a slow motion maze; struggling to progress through the bright neon-lights of duty-free, newsagent and food shops, then down the series of escalators and long corridors to the AirAsia departure lounge.

Vomiting commenced just as I made it to the closest toilet. Eventually retiring to the lounge area, a series of announcements were muffled over the loudspeaker. Trying my best to function on a normal level despite the throbbing headache and growing need to impulsively shit and vomit, I assessed that the amplified message communicated that it was time passengers bound for Mandalay, Burma, to board the plane. Lagging behind the scramble of people pulling annoying wheel-suitcases, with caution, as to not loose muscle tension around the arse area (all matters associated with region should be treated with the uttermost care and caution), I eventually presented myself to the air-hostess who checked tickets. The AirAsia employee then motioned to the shuttle bus that would cross the tarmac. With a secret internal sigh, acknowledging to myself the sheer challenge it had been coming this far under the condition I was in, I pressed forth. On the bus there wasn't enough seats. Despite the weird noise coming from my gut that resembled what I imagine would sound like an alien giving birth, being an able young woman with a backpack on, unfortunately commuters probably assumed I was not in need of a sitting arrangement.

Crammed like sardines, the populous of the bus flooded the boarding ladder.

The classic bottleneck scenario. At the top,

another hostess checked the ticket in my possession, and I sat in the allocated seat. At this stage the medication still hadn't properly kicked in and I was clutching at straws to hold it together, avoiding explosion of particles and matter into the atmosphere out of my orapheses. This must have been visually apparent for an AirAsia lady approached me and asked if I had 'special needs'. I informed her of the dire situation. She replied with asking to see my ticket, then stated pending on the situation at the front, the staff might be able to relocate me to a seat closer to the toilet. The woman quickly scurried off to the other staff members out of earshot. By this point



I was already exasperated about my problem. All of a

sudden the bit of the plane where everyone boarded was slowly re-opened and an announcement that there was a small delay

came over the loudspeaker. The cramps in my stomach took over any rational

thinking. Aggravation towards the idiot who must have arrived late, holding up departure, washed over me and I wanted to punch something.

As I was looking down at the floor, neat black shoes, stockings and the hem of red skirts came into vision.

66 Mamme, you have boarded the wrong plane, bound for Siem Reap, not Mandalay. 66 Shocked by their audacity, I blurted, 66 MORE LIKE YOU, AIRASIA, HAVE PUT ME ON A PLANE BOUND FOR CAMBODIA, NOT FUCKING BURMA. 66 You think they'd have some decorum; the nerve, insinuating the blame on a kid with food poisoning.

forcing my oversized backpack out of the overhead storage compartment, I tried to ignore the glare of disgruntled passengers, and alighted the plane down the re-erected ladder and into the shuttle bus. This time, being the only commuter. I had a seat to sit on.

The driver sped amongst the various Boeings and dispatched me at the correct plane. Unfortunately, they had to undo and re-open the bit of the plane you board as everyone was already inside. I was greeted with a sea of infuriated faces. I quietly sat in my window seat, attempting to ignore the urgent need to release my bowels, vomit and cool the rising temperature. They went through the safety procedures and the plane began to take off.

As the plane slowly made its way down the runway, commencing the ascend from Troposphere to Stratosphere, I was defeated by my body.

Diarrhoea poured into my underwear. There was nothing I could do. Take off. I just put my hands over my face, feeling the warmth of my cheeks increase every second as the smell woffed through the cabin and into the air conditioning vents above. Although I could not see anyone as my eyes were closed in horror, people straight away began expressing their discomfort. When the ding-dong sound happened signalling take off was complete, the two people sitting in row immediately got out of their seats, clearing the path to vacate in the direction of the toilet. No words were exchanged.

The walk of shame, whilst waddling with shit between my but cheeks and slush sagging in the underwear region, dented my confidence. In the cubicle, crying, I removed the offending garment, threw it in a plastic bag and discarded the evidence of its existence down a stainless steel shoot. Then, with hands pressed against the wall either side to maintain balance, vomit poured from my throat.

Anxiety settled in whilst I cleaned my face and wiped my shorts.

What if people thought I pooped my pants because I was scared of flying, and that's why I was late? How embarrassing. It was extremely difficult to muster enough courage to leave the toilet and go out and face the music. Eventually I did.

I told the person next to me that Air Asia put me on the wrong flight and that I had food poisoning. He didn't believe me. Finally the medication had kicked in and I was right as rain for the remainder of the flight.

AirAsia

Photo: AirAsia aircraft slid into
Kuala Lumpur Airport (Malaysia) from 2011
(Flight AX 5218)

airasia.com

...MONT CANEY

sleeping in the bushes takes you places

After having a laproscopy operation, I was couch bound and needed help with everything from going to the toilet to sittin slightly upright to eat. Due to this, the windowframe to complete an 'end of semester pole dance exam was no longer applicapale. With the frustration of months of hard yakka rendered useless, the day I could take the bearing of my own weight (couldn't make it to the top of the staircase at Essendon but whatever) I packed my backpack and hobbled off to Cairns. 3387 kilometers away. To learn how to sail.

I met up with [redacted] and we hitched through the Atherton Tableland in search of labouring work. After persisting with a lead on working in a chicken factory in the plucking department; which came to nothing; as many employers won't hire an Australian citizen in Australia for that kind of work; a blatant tell tale sign of the below minimum wages and terrible conditions many people labour under; I returned to the Bruce Highway for employment.

Everynight I slept in a bush out the front of an apartment block. With vigilance, days where spent on the marina fingers asking

sailors about available crew positions. In amongst the snobbery notoriously associated with

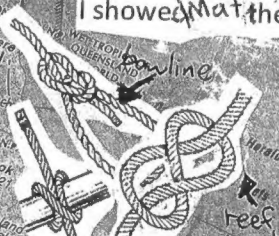
yachting, I met a ginger haired Texan in his mid-twenties who had a passion for Jim Beam. Over the sailors slop staple he cooked for dinner;

Mat showed me the figure eight, bowline and clove hitch;

I showed Mat the break dance six step and

introduced him

to the goon sack.



I had many interviews. The most successful where in person; meeting up with the captain for beer or coffee. One captain had the nerve to say he expected my main role to be cooking and cleaning while he snorkled off a Pacific ocean reef; which he deemed safe, for he'd decided the wet season low pressure systems weren't coming (as nature would have it, of course they came that year). Some skippers were just plain creepy; looking me up and down, staring at my tits. On the phone men didn't take me seriously and often tried to be condasending, patronising and rude. Having fuck all sailing experience heightened this.

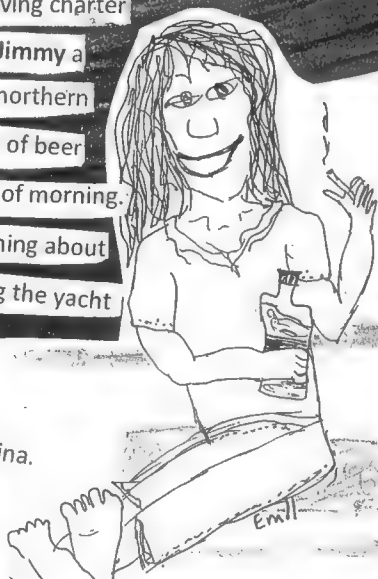
When I went aboard the Ron Of Argyle; a yacht built from teek in 1922, 50ft in length, gaff rigged with a bow sprit; in the past it was Marayln Monroes boat of choice in the Caribbean, and a vetron vessel of racing the Sydney to Hobart; I had no fucking idea what it was I had jumped onto, except that it floated.

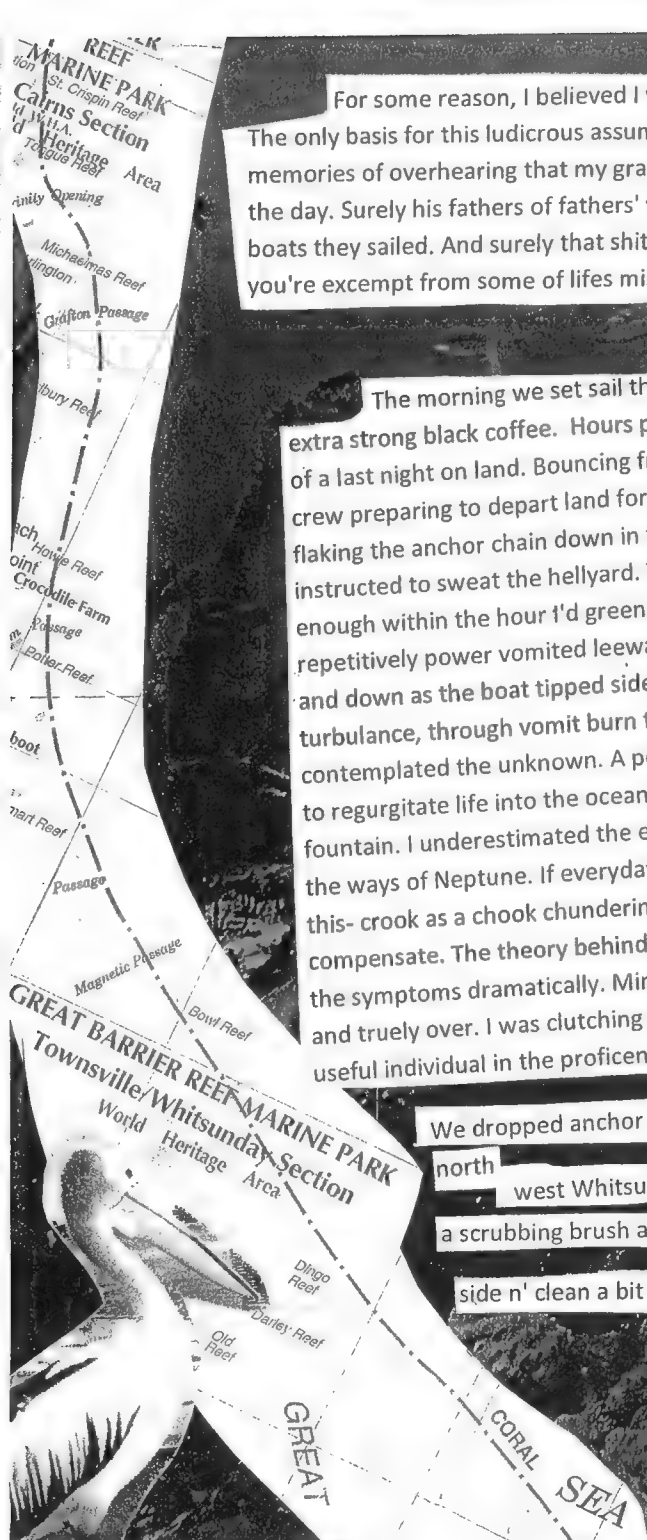
I stepped down into the salon to see the captain, Dann, in faded denim jeans with his feet on the chart table, smoking a joint with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. On his weathered face a huge grin beamed past his long grey salty sea dog hair and he warmly said, "Welcome to the Ron of Argyle!". Instantly I felt at peace with his presence. Chloe, another woman coming aboard to crew became acquainted with the other deckies too; Mark a thirty-something year

old from Airly Beach who had been driving charter boats around the Whitsundaies, and Jimmy a impulsive twenty-five year old from northern england. We drank a metric shit tonne of beer and shots of liquor until early hours of morning.

The next few days were spent learning about the boat, collecting provisions, preparing the yacht

for sail, and partying- we were labelled the 'motley crew' by other yachtsmen in the marina.

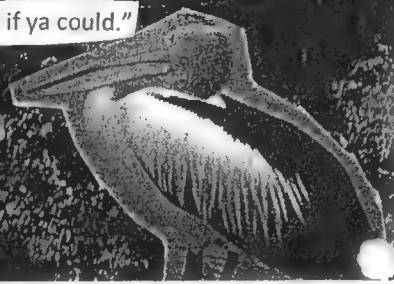




For some reason, I believed I was immune to sea sickness. The only basis for this ludicrous assumption was that I had vague memories of overhearing that my grandad had been a sailor back in the day. Surely his fathers of fathers' were owned by the tides and boats they sailed. And surely that shit passes down the line and you're exempt from some of lifes missfortunes, such as seasickness.

The morning we set sail the captain woke me up with an extra strong black coffee. Hours prior, we'd had an all out whopper of a last night on land. Bouncing from pub to pub, celebrating as crew preparing to depart land for the unknown of the ocean. After flaking the anchor chain down in the bow locker, skipper then instructed to sweat the hellyard. The sea was choppy and sure enough within the hour I'd greened. Between deck chores I repetitively power vomited leeward side, watching the waves roll up and down as the boat tipped side to side. With no escape from the turbulence, through vomit burn throat and glassy blood shot eyes I contemplated the unknown. A possibility of forever being destined to regurgitate life into the ocean from my assofogass like a water fountain. I underestimated the effects of beer on body mass against the ways of Neptune. If everyday for the next month was to be like this- crook as a chook chundering at sea- no amount of ginger would compensate. The theory behind a perminant vomit cycle worsened the symptoms dramatically. Mind over matter psychology was well and truly over. I was clutching at straws to maintain the will to be a useful individual in the proficiency of the boats logistics.

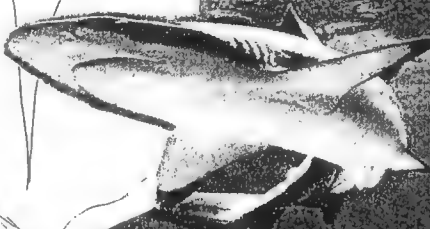
We dropped anchor that afternoon in the Lower Isles, north west Whitsundays. The captain handed me a scrubbing brush and snorkle set, "Jump off the side n' clean a bit a hull if ya could."



I jumped off the bow sprit into the reef and started the task- fifteen

minutes later I went face to face with a reef shark- not only was my body zapped with instinctual fear, 'the fear' took complete control and I was left a shaken headache infused dishevelled deckie in the dingy. The skipper laughed, slapped me on the back and said "Ya've a done good kid. Ya can drink like a fish r. ya can swim like a fish." That day has ranked in my top five ultimate worst fucking hangovers of all time. And I've had alot of booze hangovers during my short time on earth.

what a first day on the job!



Oceaniawidernimages.com





Thursday Island.

Confronting mysteries of childhood

When we dropped the anchor and went ashore to Thursday Island I visited the house my blood relatives grew up in. It rustled up sharp, perplexing, all-absorbing thoughts. This came as no surprise to me, it's something I'm accustomed to when dealing with family shit. Who were they. What did they do there. These are questions I will most likely never have answers too, as I am outcasted from my remaining family that are alive.

Sailing there, I had hours upon hours to reflect on how I was removed from home by Child Safety and the journey that followed as a teenager filled with the debilitating pain of coming to terms with abandonment. The agonising feelings within the concept of being dumped by the people who raised you. For the record, its worse than when your first sweetheart breaks up with you.

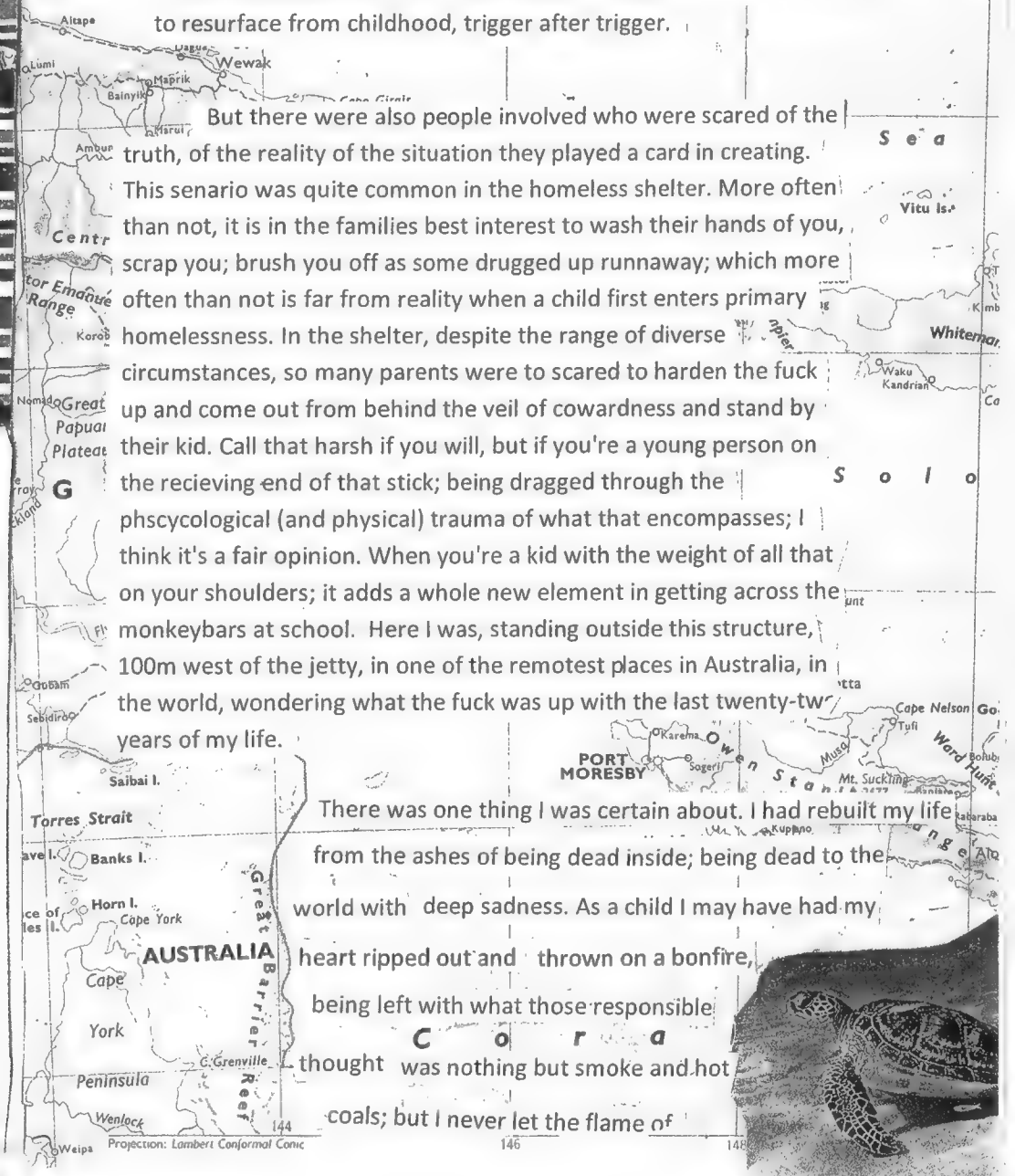
Renounced; discarded of their care. A fucking nothing, a waste of space not worthy of a blimp on a radar. How they couldn't bare to be seen in public with me, although we lived in the same regional town, despite the fact I still exisited. I was still breathing the same Toowoomba mountain air as them.

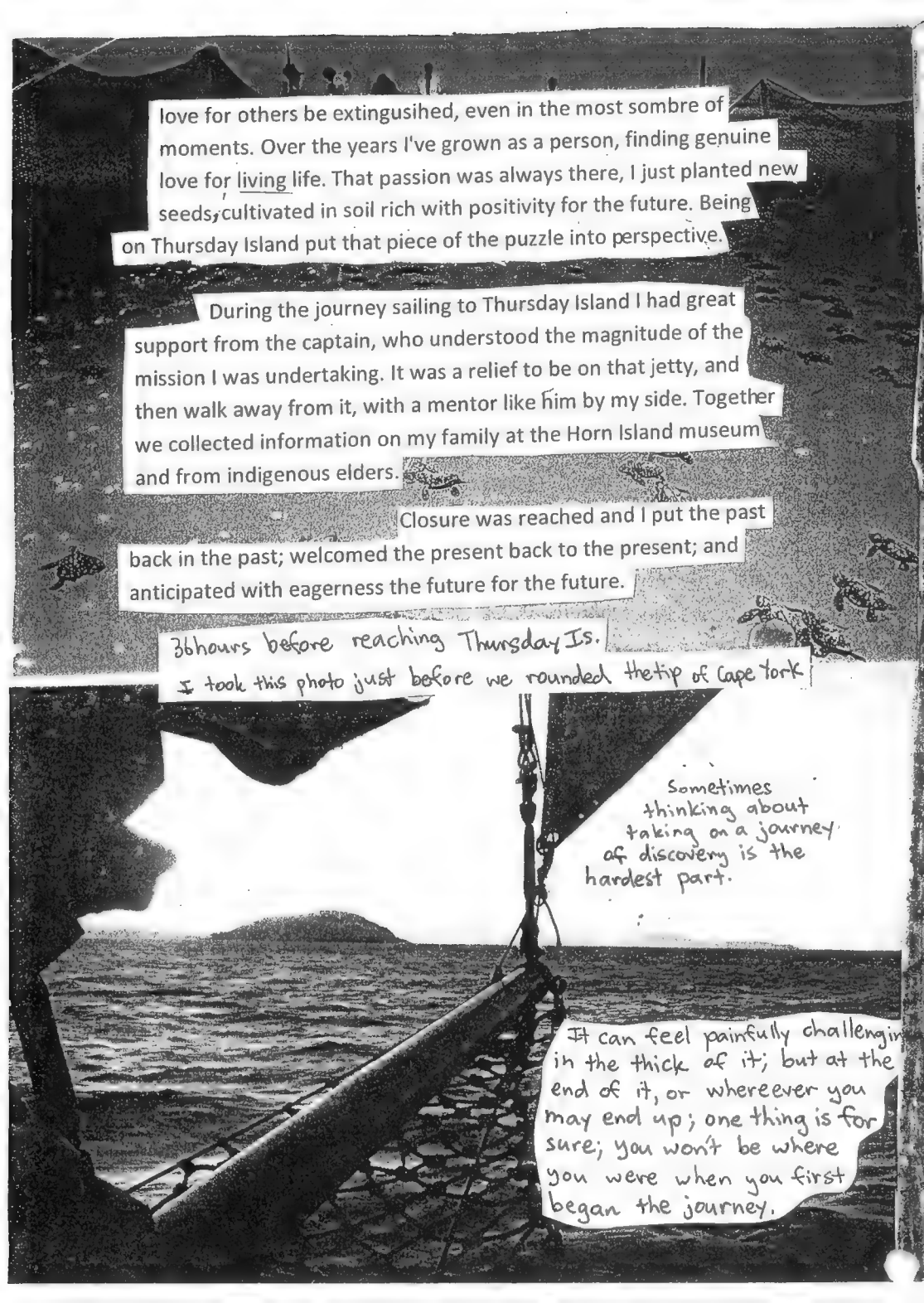
This fragile situation was never clear cut; and it sent my teenage mind spiraling into a neverending cycle of disconnectedness, a clutter that prevented me from being able to grasp any sense of normalness in my highscool life. It cut me off from having a shot at dreaming about what kind of future I could have; if I made it through the next day it just meant another day after that, of a pathetic misserable existence that I felt I deserved;

being the stain on society that is so eagerly hidden. Being the trecherous disgusting blob that came out of a mothers womb; I was not worthy of her, so how could I possibly be of any worth? I had solid pieces of my past that were definetly very fucked up. Living in a homeless shelter, more and more of these solid pieces started to resurface from childhood, trigger after trigger.

But there were also people involved who were scared of the truth, of the reality of the situation they played a card in creating. This senario was quite common in the homeless shelter. More often than not, it is in the families best interest to wash their hands of you, scrap you; brush you off as some drugged up runaway; which more often than not is far from reality when a child first enters primary homelessness. In the shelter, despite the range of diverse circumstances, so many parents were to scared to harden the fuck up and come out from behind the veil of cowardness and stand by their kid. Call that harsh if you will, but if you're a young person on the recieving end of that stick; being dragged through the phpscycological (and physical) trauma of what that encompasses; I think it's a fair opinion. When you're a kid with the weight of all that on your shoulders; it adds a whole new element in getting across the monkeybars at school. Here I was, standing outside this structure, 100m west of the jetty, in one of the remotest places in Australia, in the world, wondering what the fuck was up with the last twenty-two years of my life.

There was one thing I was certain about. I had rebuilt my life from the ashes of being dead inside; being dead to the world with deep sadness. As a child I may have had my heart ripped out and thrown on a bonfire, being left with what those responsible thought was nothing but smoke and hot coals; but I never let the flame of





love for others be extinguished, even in the most sombre of moments. Over the years I've grown as a person, finding genuine love for living life. That passion was always there, I just planted new seeds, cultivated in soil rich with positivity for the future. Being on Thursday Island put that piece of the puzzle into perspective.

During the journey sailing to Thursday Island I had great support from the captain, who understood the magnitude of the mission I was undertaking. It was a relief to be on that jetty, and then walk away from it, with a mentor like him by my side. Together we collected information on my family at the Horn Island museum and from indigenous elders.

Closure was reached and I put the past back in the past; welcomed the present back to the present; and anticipated with eagerness the future for the future.

36 hours before reaching Thursday Is.

I took this photo just before we rounded the tip of Cape York

Sometimes
thinking about
taking on a journey
of discovery is the
hardest part.

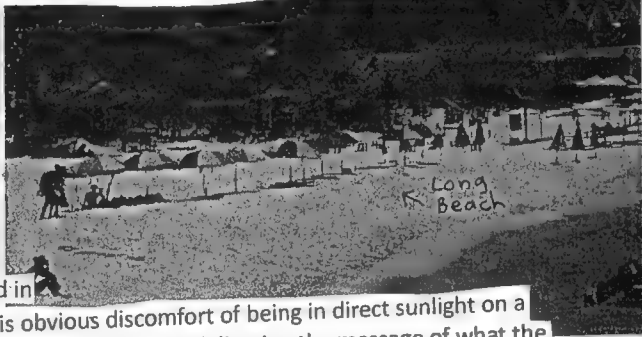
It can feel painfully challenging in the thick of it; but at the end of it, or wherever you may end up; one thing is for sure; you won't be where you were when you first began the journey.

A DATE WITH THE PRINCE OF MALAYSIA

Diamonds, Sarsaparilla and Karaoke

One afternoon on the Perhentian Islands, Peninsular Malaysia, we were swimming at Long Beach (a patch of sand littered with hungover european backpackers wearing bikinis) when a multi-million dollar boat motored in from the horizon and dropped anchor not far from the cove. I thought to myself, "What an expensive hunk of shit."

Two hours later, a security guard wearing centre pressed black trousers, collared shirt, belt with various weaponry and polished formal shoe attire briefed another woman and I on our invitation. We were to be escorted as the Prince of Johors' guests onto the boat featured in



the horizon that evening. Despite his obvious discomfort of being in direct sunlight on a sandy littoral, the Prince's body guard pressed on with delivering the message of what the night for hold. Not wearing my usual apparel as I had been swimming, the guard returned to the main vessel, unaware that he had just invited a squatting 20year old punk to dine and drink with royalty.

Come nightfall the security guard returned to the beach. The other woman, Kathy, had an eye-catching amount of makeup and wore an ensemble fit for formal tropical attire complete with silver jewellery and heels. The guard looked slightly taken back when he observed that I had my favoured resewn skirt, disintegrating Steve Towson and the Conscripts shirt and hiking boots on. Nevertheless, we pressed on as a troupe, across the cove towards the lavish boat that sported a large telescope on the top deck and was illuminated unnecessarily with hundreds of light bulbs underneath the South China Sea.

Upon arrival we were greeted at water level by another security guard, a chef, a captain and a masseuse. As the vessel comprised of four levels, we were escorted to the third floor first. There was a gold rimmed set of table and chairs complete with spotless stainless steel cutlery, a shiny polished timber floor underneath, and bellow the assemblage of chandeliers; a bar that extended from one wall to the other. The beverage counter had a mammoth array of liquor on display from vodka to cider to champagne to gin to shandy to rum to rice wine. The chef gestured at the polished glasses that lined the bar and asked, "What would you like to drink this evening, ladies?"

Nieve as it is, I honestly had no intentions of drinking and did not expect there to be any liquor available. Travelling through an islamic country, Flick, Katie, Yulanji and I had restrained from drinking booze due to the exorbitant tax on the amber liquor, it's accessibility being very limited to a woman in public and being attentive to the context

around us. It became quickly apparent that I was experiencing a paradoxical clash in regards to the Malay world I had been exposed to prior. After 28 days without a drop, it didn't take much for the neurons in my brain to conclude, after asking the staff if they were drinking too (they sure were) and with a quick look at the well-supplied selection, "Could I please have a tripple distilled Whiskey with sarsaparilla."

Kathy and I where then guided up the gold trimmed stairs to the top deck where the prince was. He was lying on a mat receiving a service from the masseuse, whilst in his tracksuit pants and t-shirt. I sat down on a cushioney chair thing that matched every other transfixed object on the deck and began interacting with the prince as he asked questions about our lives. The prince struck me as a rich bored man. He informed us how Paris Hilton was his friend on facebook and, whilst on the Internet from his sea satellite, told me that Julia Gillard was the new prime minister of Australia replacing Kevin Rudd.



The Prince



The chef then brought finger food up on a silver tray. Being in the gross bubble of ostentatiousness at its extreme, when asked why I was not eating, I mentioned that I was vegan (when anywhere else, I eat what people offer as I think veganism is a dietary choice chosen due to privilege of having bountiful resources available). Knowing my stance could rock the boat, I awaited the response; the cook was stoked, then explained how he was a qualified Japanese vegetarian chef. The conversation flowed into topics of whaling. It was quite a strange dialogue, and it became more apparent how the prince in his many years of being in the spotlight of royalty had indeed mastered the strings of diplomacy. During the discussion, it also came out of the wood work that Kathy was a pretentious 32 year old from Plymouth, the United Kingdom. She was on a holiday quest to 'find herself' amongst the white sand beaches of Asia. The way she described her daily activities did not impress the prince or workers, nor did her inability to say thankyou in Malay, "terima kassi", despite being in the country two months.

After idle chit chat (which was aided by the bottomless glass of whiskey with ice and sarsaparilla), we progressed to the second floor; the 'entertainment' floor. As the security guards, masseuse and chef shuffled cards for the poker game, the prince took me aside to exhibit his jacousey. Although he seemed surprised that I did not fall head over heels as a reaction to his fancy bathroom, the prince still smiled. It takes a lot more than a big bubble bath to wow me. Abit of personality never goes astray when lighting up sparks.

The game of poker went on for roughly an hour. I won. To this day I am still suspicious as to whether it was rigged, perhaps there is a royal protocol surrounding the issue of guests, and that they should come out on top in polite vanity? Nevertheless, with the Ringgit currency winnings before me (supplied from the Princes wallet), I swiftly divided it up and handed it to the chef, masseuse and security guards, "as tips", before the action could be protested. Kathys body language clearly communicated she was outraged by the action.

Wayne Horsborough's my favourite yodeller of all time, and it was awesome to finally see him live. At one point he told a story of travelling in the 60's visiting indigenous communities and hosting free shows. The children didn't know what to do with the records he gave out, as they'd never seen a music recording device before, so they played with them as Frisbees. About two thirds of the audience reacted to this story in a vocally racist fashion. Just as I stood up to walk out in obvious disgust, Wayne Horsborough shammed the racist people in the audience, said he'd rather play to an empty room than play to racists. He then offered people the opportunity to leave the room, for he was going to have a five minute break back stage (which was the carpark). Half of the audience left.



The last song was the timeless Australian country music classic, "Lights On The Hill".

Every person left in the audience stood up and started singing. Quite a challenge for some who were less able. During the communal encore some random people wandered in from the street and started singing as well. Ya can't beat a Slim Dusty Number 1.

I Threw Away The Rose

The Line Dance Championships resembled a scene from Bring It On. It was kinda like the bit in the movie where all the cheer leading teams get ready to compete at nationals. Except this was ridgy didge country music style; the smell of hairspray, shoes getting a last minute polish, boot scooters doing eachothers top button up on their collared shirt, facing the wall in vein for secrecy-individuals rehearsed moves, the occasional hip flask being glugged on...

Usually going to Nationals for something, anything, is a big deal right? Kinda. In Australia most people are forced to do some degree of linedancing when they are at school. Then people avoid it like the plague until they turn about 35. That roughly leaves a fifteen year gap where the talent pool is limited. That's where I come in; I got into linedancing because 1) love the fucking shit out of country music, 2) most of my life I haven't lived in a capital city and 3) I've incurred some massive physical injuries that have forced me to retire from other styles of dance such as pole and booty. I wanted dancing to still be a part of my world, and linedance provided that outlet.

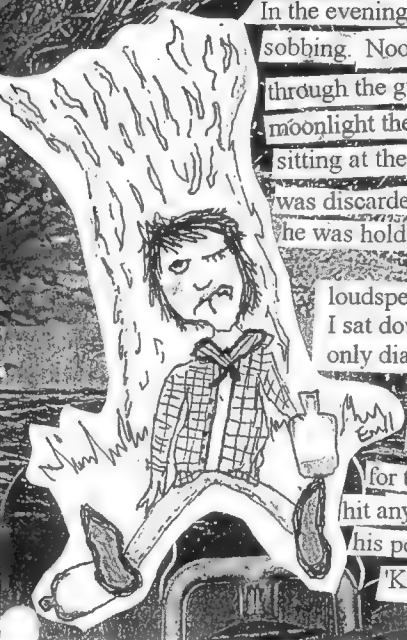
In the evening, walking back from the linedance shed, I heard someone sobbing. Noone was in front or behind me on the dirt track so I scanned through the gumtrees to find the origin of the sound. Underneath the moonlight there was a man in an acubra, flannie, jeans and boots sitting at the trunk of a tree with earphones in. An empty bottle of wine was discarded in the grass nearby; with identical labelling to the bottle he was holding in his hand. With caution I approached.

He pulled out his earphones and put the music player on loudspeaker. Merle Haggard's 'I Threw Away The Rose' filled the air. I sat down next to him and pulled out the beers from my bag. The only dialogue between us was the initial greeting, but nonetheless,

we sung the entire song from start to finish together.

After explaining his situation, which really didn't warrant for the level of sobbing he induced, I pointed out that he hadn't hit anywhere near rock bottom as he had a \$20 bottle of wine in his possession. The man agreed, wecheersed, then sung

'Keep On Truckin' by Nev Nicholls.



It was refreshing to be back in a part of the country where XXXX Bitter was not only available, but appreciated by the general public. The carnies had plentiful supply. The volume of noise from the campground got louder as people shouted along to the music from the radio, Reg Lindsay, Troy Cassar-Daley and Waylon Jennings amongst many. The guitar was busted out when the batteries died for the wireless- Johnny Cash, John Denver, Rose Tattoo and a decent dose of AC/DC ensued.



The odd joke about Crowded House and Don Burke was thrown in for good measure.

A tad tipsy and stonned, I farewelled the footy ground festivities and left in search of the nightly barn linedance a block from the campsite. The festivals at various venues throughout the entire town and most shows are free. They add extra services to the normal bus route so it's easy to bounce from one side of town to the other. After abita boot scootin, the carnies called me in from the nearby pub and the dancing continued, this time to Jimmy Barnes and Paul Kelly. Pub pleasin classics I miss whenever overseas.

Retiring, I went to my tent early. A few hours later I was woken by the ex-trawlerman guy singing. I tried to ignore and brush off the drunk man's celebratory vocals, sounds of staggering, shaking of the fence and other antics that were happening meters from the tent. I was tired from hitching all day in the sun and recovering from a big weekend with the Sydney Wasteland crew. Besides, the furor struck me as a bullet to dodge.

Just as I was dosing back to sleep, I heard a loud thud, then shouting, followed by yelling; the carnies were up in full force; whatever the commotion was. The padlock on the gate was thrust open in a hurry, a ute engine was fired up and people were incoherently attempting to communicate with one another despite intoxication.

eg, garn it aye yar fuckin drongo. Fuck offfff. What ya fuckin think ya fuckin aah christ on a fuckin stick. Ya fuckin dickhead! Bloody fuckin son of a bitch. Useless bastard. Wered ya put ya medicare card. The green fuckin one. Fuckin tel em ta get stuffed. Ahhhh haha ya up shits creek ya fuckin idiot



From what I could gather, the ex-trawlerman guy was placed into the ute tray and the vehicle skidded off down the dirt road.

At breakfast the fellā was on crutches. Broken ankle. He'd lost his gate keys at the pub and had an unsuccessful attempt scaling the 3m high fence.



Wayne Horsbrough and Graham Rodger

The next morning Wayne Horsbrough and Graham Rodger played a morning show. I was the youngest in the crowd by at least twenty-five years; every person looked at least over fifty. The cosy event was in a small community hall, and the seventy chairs were stacked neatly in a row. The billy was boiled so tea and coffee were available. They failed on the smoko front though; each person in the audience was administered either a soggy sayo with an extremely thin slither of cheese or a no frills biscuit.



THE 30 CAN BLOCK BEER CHALLENGE

every person should consume 30 cans of beer each in one drinking session together.

- *the first person to finish their entire carton would win
- *sleeping at any point was an automatic disqualification
- *under no circumstances was there to be any sharing
- *vomiting was a grey area and frowned upon
- *we all had to drink the same type of beer/carton
- *competitors had to commence around the same time

Strategy was discussed at length as to how this could be accomplished; would eating be an advantage or

disadvantage? Fast or slow drinking pace? Or a combination

of both speeds? What music would serve as motivational background stimulus? Ice cold,

chilled or luke warm beer temperature? Would it be beneficial to be under the influence of drugs? Should BMI ration consumption management be applicable when its a race against time?

One thing was definitely agreed upon, being mildly hungover and in need of a hair of the dog would be the best physical state to commence the challenge in. Regardless, that's just how we'd be in the morning anyway; hungover; we'd been partying every night for quite some time.

The competitors were of confident and competent heavy drinking backgrounds; Dan, Brian Ben Rag and myself.

The boxes of beer were ripped open at 11:00, not long after the bottle shop opened. Ben rag was an on-the-day-entrant and prior to the start had already downed a tallie of carlton draught. As every box and can was red, each competitor wrote their name on the side to avoid discrepancies.

Being summer the Essendon backyard was selected as the primo sight for the challenge. On the same day, a cricket tournament between the Preston and Essendon punks was held on the East side, so we had free rein of the house; in hindsight this was a good thing. Given the nature of the 30 Can Block Challenge, it mustered a significant amount of curiosity from friends, and many undertook a spectator role whilst getting intoxicated on various liquors alongside us in solidarity.



shea just woke up and came outside

shea - hey dan im just going, to / have one of your beers, im going to the bottle later
dan - no. you cant have one.



shea - what do mean i cant have one?

everyone - no seriously shea, those beers are off limits

shea - fine. what is this, a joke?



dan - its the 30 can block challenge.



the contestants

With an extensive array of music playing devices, it was a splendid day were poppunk reined the air for hours. A chorus of excited shouting, group unaided karaoke and physical expressions of sheer love for the genre were wholeheartedly embraced. 'Shamelessly. NOFX, Pennywise, the Hard-Ons, Opertaion Ivy, Bewilderbomb, Sublime, The Black Market, Dropkick Murphys, Rancid and Frenzal Phomb, to name a few, have an abundance of timeless hits to be celebrated.

Party dressups were called upon; and throughout the general ruckus; the palm tree suffered significant collateral damage. As did the once-thought indestructible park-bench, which ended up in smithereens after it was used as a makeshift highjump bar. The branches of the palm tree surcame to their fate when assigned the role of an airguitar prop. The waterhose on high pressure featured a significant moment in the spotlight; as did stacked milkcrates, were individuals attempted to balance atop.

The tornado of chaos wasn't restricted to the backyard; in the early evening, a text message invite to a house warming party in Footscray was received.

When the 30 Can Block Challenge team and supporters/arrived at the residence we were greeted with both welcoming arms and mild hostility. The hosts, unsure /with how to respond to the mob; and by this early stage one had climbed the tree in the backyard and another had took command of the music connected to the speakers; decided that the only adequate solution to regain control of the situation was to give us ampetimenes.

The logic behind the theory was that it would balance out our intoxication. Wrong. It added fuel to the already passionately burning bonfire.

Eventually, we were asked to leave the premises. This was a no-biggly, as we had intentions of attending the show down the road at the Reverence Hotel anyway. Before we could get to the end of the street, a fight broke out. It wasn't a 30 Can Block Challenge vs the rest of the world scenario, it was a split fraction amongst the ranks.

Brian was on his second last beer. Immediately threatening every contestants status. We were all on the brink of seeing the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow! This was simply to much for Dan, and he turned on his travelling companion. No longer were they united in the common cause against the harsh realities of the world; but enemies. Dan knocked the beer from Brians clasp, spilling the precious amber liquid onto the bitchemen road. A scuffle ensued, derogatory terms were loudly proclaimed, punches, shoves and kicks were dished out. Boring sleep dwellers were disturbed. Perhaps it was the odd combination of a strange thick cali-dakota american accent and weird birmingham-english accent going toe to toe with eachother that aroused the curiosity of the woman who appeared at her front door. The annoyed resident threatened to the call the pigs. Unfortunately, a disclosure as to why she intended to call wasn't disclosed; it very well could have been the trigger of imperialism being at her doorstep (travelling with Americans and English in Australia, particularly in rural areas. has been a very interesting experience, bless the cotton socks of my mates).

As a troupe we fled the scene and continued forth into the belly of Footscray. Ben Rag finished his last can, and ordered more beer over the bar. Shortly afterwards everyone had followed suit, polishing off their respective 30 cans. But we did not stop there. The next day, in public spaces around Footscray, a trail of evidence was found linked to the 30 Can Block Challenge; crushed red tun cans, vomit and bent shrubs en route to various punk sharehouses. The carton box that had Twostroke written on it was found discarded in the gutter of Longs' bottle; I must have gone in for more supplies (Longs' bottle is owned by the grumpiest shop keeper in Footscray, the 24/7 bakery manager near the train station is also on par with that title).

Every contestant successfully completed the 30 Can Block Challenge, in tact.

You may be wondering, what was the point of that article? Something simple that can get lost amongst the highs and lows of daily life—

Horay! Long live drinking with friends, and long live drinking outside the recommended consumption guidelines!

DRINKING.

Do it properly.

Good
at
Drinking

ARAFURA SEA

surrendering, before the currents of the universe
brought a humbling existence out here.

the moonlight shines over the oceans swell
were the worlds secrets are held for eternity
shooting stars litter the inky sky
that bring possibilities of infinity

waves crash against the beam
gently rocking the hull side to side
the red and green glow of port and starboard navigation lights
are the only disclosure humans are floating
in this big blue paddock

this is the universe i crave for, i hunger for, i anticipate
the sweat hours of the day under the burning sun heading west
bring toil filled with pleasure
however it is during the hours of the moons glow
that my soul comes out to play
whilst steering the tiller under the Southern Cross
with the guidance of the oceans power

the day is precious, just as the night
every moment on this boat has enriched my spirit
in ways nothing on land could

there are many lessons to be learnt
if one wants to embrace a horizon of 360
where salt water meets limitless sky
and blue meets blue

whens something captures your heart
you're only cheating yourself
if you don't pursue that tingle
that makes everything extraordinary

on the bow, wrapped up in a spare Stay Sail as a swag, the sea
breeze sweeps through the warm night air before the MilkyWAY.
no matter what happens tomorrow, i know iv been given the gift
of today, out here, where my heart beats with the rhythm
of the ARAFURA SEA



Guess who came to dinner...
while I was in NORTH KOREA
a tape worm.

A story about being inside The
Democratic Peoples Republic
of Korea.

Juche Year 103.

The only way to legally have physical access to North Korea is to apply through a Chinese and North Korean government sanctioned tour company. Three months before arriving in Pyongyang I applied for a DPRK visa through the Chinese Consulate in Australia. It was knocked back twice; eyebrows were raised and paperwork submitted was scrutinised even more than the usual bogged red tape of the Peoples Republic of China. I mean, in their right mind who would voluntarily put themselves in the beating heart of a Stalinist state inspired dictatorship? For small time dealings with the foreign world, China takes up the slack and conducts the DPRKs business for it.

However, the final say for whether you will be granted a visa for North Korea comes down to the tour company sussing you out- they do a screen of your name on the internet. Many professions aren't accepted- you can't claim to be unemployed, a sex worker, affiliated with anything political, a journalist, or even remotely involved in the media industry. If you claim to be religious, or a vegan, you also won't be accepted. A poker face and a few lies can go a long way.

Oh yer, and if you have dreds or really obvious tattoos you can forget about it. No patches, no brand named clothing, and absolutely nothing that shows any reference to the USA, Japan and South Korea. You can't take a Japanese phrasebook across the border (if that was your next destination).

In Beijing we had training at the tour companies office. It was invaluable. Despite heaps of research prior, nothing beats getting a list of if-you-do-this-you-will-be-shot, to cap off the magnitude of what your about to do. It was also an opportunity to suss out who to avoid- people who go on a tour of the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea are weird, and usually not regular tour enthusiasts.

You can never, ever, ever say The Korean War whilst in the DPRK- it can only be addressed as, "The Victorious Fatherland Liberation War"

In North Korea, there is only one Korea. And it must at all times be addressed as the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea.

We were taken to an airport on the outskirts of Beijing where we could store all our 'prohibited' items (all of my normal clothes, diary, books) in a locker. In duty free I rustled up gifts for the locals- things from the outside world- whiskey, chocolate, apples, clothes, stationary and medicine. We were escorted onto a 1940's soviet plane that rattled from the start of the engine turning on until well after we had landed. In the aviation fleet, there are only two passenger planes in North Korea- both donated courtesy the U.S.S.R.

It was a far from graceful landing at the International Pyongyang Airport; which is a vast field of overgrown wild grass. A military shuttle van then drove all the passengers to customs; a dusty corrugated iron shed with four wooden booths. On the way we passed men and women military workers toiling in the hot sun on a new road construction. There are no power tools, everything is done by hand. Sifting the dirt through torn material, basic shovels, hammers and picks. It was like seeing an ants nest of karkey uniform dissemble the earth from scratch. The most absurd part was the morale boosting live military band playing on the side of the road from a generator- guitars, drums, vocals, saxaphones- blasting revolutionary music while people lifted heavy mudbrick blocks. Thats when it hit hard I was in North Korea.

Our belongings were scattered on a table then searched. Items confiscated included compasses, any equipment with gps capacity, cameras, books, mp3 players, laptops, maps and many other things. According to the tour guides, condoms have been confiscated in the past. Other members of the tour were questioned about whether they intended to engage in espionage activities relative to the technology of the 1960's, such as being in possession of a dictaphone. At that point the group was confronted with a mixture of an absurdness coupled with the all-out seriousness from the military that washed over us like a tidal wave from a different reality. We were no longer in the global world we grew up in; we were in the isolated Kim fabricated past, present and future. Goosebumps covered my arms at the harsh acceptance that my idea of everything I'd ever known was invalid, and threatening, to the 8% elite of North Korea that cling to the power they have over the remaining population of 24.9 million. I was a guest in their domain- and it was quite clear that a persons life was to serve the intrests of the elite; even as a foreigner; to speak out would mean to be shot point blank, with little achieved due to the structure of the government sanctioned tour.

After the tedious manual labour of the customs officials, we were lined up in a row. Then we were instructed by soliders to hand over our passports; to hand over our identity, the

most important document one could ever own outside ones place of birth. I couldn't look the person in the eye as I handed mine over. I stared down at the dirt. My last bit of any feeling of freedom as a human being in a dictatorship shredded and gone. Leaving me completely at the mercy of the DPRK.

A lock down was declared on the entire country the day we boarded the plane. That morning a few high ranking officials of the dictatorship had attempted to defect to South Korea. It was unclear as to how the lockdown was to affect our situation as tourists and when we could leave. But shit happens aye.

It quickly became apparent driving through the main streets of Pyongyang in a bus that we were the only vehicle on the road. Throughout my entire time in North Korea I never once saw a petrol station. Majority of the people in urban centers and some in rural regions have access to a communal bicycle. The bikes are hard out vintage in design and the required skill of resourcefulness when fixing them is blatant. During our time in the DPRK opportunities to engage in rural life happened regularly on tour. In Sariwon (capital of the North Hwanghae Province), we went to the Gyeonam Stock Farm and various other communal agriculture projects. The main method of harvesting was with use of Carabow livestock for transportation.

After we passed the Arch of Triumph (apparently it's similar to the French one) where Kim Il Sung gave his first speech to the Korean people after defeating the Japanese, we were taken to the Yanggakdo hotel.

In this extravagant building deliberately built for foreigners, I experienced the most contradictory, grotesque, outlandish, surreal and bizarre sample of North Korea's 'face' to the world. Despite most of the country not having electricity (or if they do it's for two hours a day), Yanggakdo is equipped with generators that cut out regularly. The hotel has 47 floors, with a revolving restaurant at the top, a heated swimming pool, bowling alley, two bars, pingpong hall, masseuse and barber. The one that really blew everything out of the woodwork was the karaoke room. Curious, being a huge karaoke fan, I investigated what North Korean karaoke entailed. The room was dimly lit with fairy lights, a bar, big screen and pa system. A few Pyongyangites were singing in a corner. Upon inspection of the song selection book it became evident that the Kim Jong Un approved repertoire was quite selective. Majority of the songs were DPRK nationalist revolutionary anthems; the western section contained an abundance of The Beatles, and well, that was about it. Disappointingly, but not surprisingly, Queen and Bruce Springsteen didn't make the cut.

The shit that really spun me out was the hotel room. It was a spitting image of the 1950's; everything from the wallpaper, to the decor, to the curtains, to the design of the ashtray oozed that era. The bed head had a built in radio attached to it. Every radio in North Korea

is impossible to tune. There is only one station in the country and it plays revolutionary opera every hour of the day. From the 60's through to this day all wirelasses that enter the country have had the dials fastened so they can't be twisted. To be caught with one that can swivel is punishable by death. It's damn creepy to be sitting in a 50's time capsule with every movement being surveled. Just outside the hotel room window the closest living thing to George Orwalls 1984 is in full manifestation.

Even as a foreign guest communication is pretty much impossible with the outside world. You say goodbye to the people you love, you go in, and hope you come out. Although, from the telecommunications centre of the hotel, you have the option of sending an approved fax. Who the fuck has a fax these days. The more practical alternative is to send a postcard but they are vigiourously scrutinised. No negative conatations can be expressed and very few postcards make it out of the country on those strict grounds.

Juche philosophy is the foundation of the nations politics. It was created and enforced by Kim Il Sung [REDACTED] in 1972. It's a mish mash of Stalinist centralised economic theory, Asian communism and the ole' chestnut of developing an egotistical cult personality. Juche framework is like a woolen scarf; fictional stories are created to support and justify theories that are concocted. They are delicately and intrinically woven together through out time to create a history far removed from reality. It's woven around a populations neck and over time suffocates peoples capacity for autonomy and critical thinking without severe punishments. For example, Kim Il Sung claims to have been a revolutionary gurilla on the Korean Peninsular since his birth in 1912 but he actually went to school in China, fought in Manchuria, got picked up by the Soviet Union and tucked under their wing to be used as what they thought would be an easy puppet to manipulate.

The three key components of Juche philosophy are; political and ideological independence, especially from the Soviet Union and China; economic self-reliance and self-sufficiency; and a viable national defense. On this premise, North Korea has developed an extrodinary network of micro-breweries. The two main types of beer brewed are Yellow beer and Black beer. The former being ale and the latter being stout. Every place we had an oppitunity to have a pint it always tasted slightly different but nonetheless of excellent quality. As a dedicated beer enthusiast, I'd go so far as to say that the best stout I have ever tasted has been in North Korea. It shits all over any Australian beer, and dare I say, even Guinness. If that was your primary role in a dictatorship, to brew beer all day and everyday in life, you'd specialise in it pretty fast.

Marajuina is legal and organically grown in North Korea. From what I could gather its primary purpose is medicinal, as access to modern pharmaceuticals are severely limited. It's administered through the state, in particular to the older demographic as pain relief.

- Unfortunately, two days before releasing this issue and taking it to the photocopier - The laptop I was using shitted itself, and the remaining part of the North Korea feature couldn't be recovered- the USB it was backed up on also carked it. - Absolutely fucking devastating- In issue 4 I hope to rewrite the lost work to the best of my ability.

Kim Il Sung

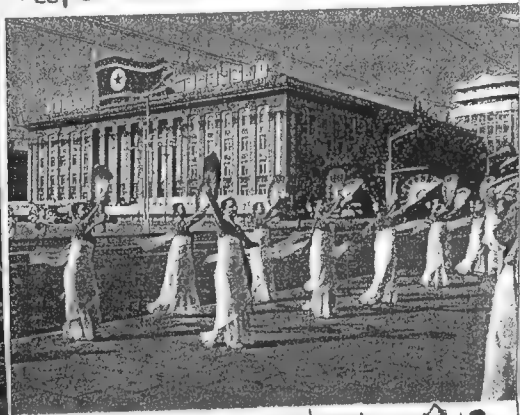
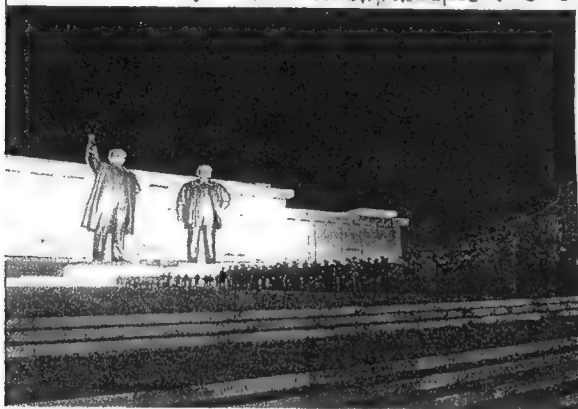


Kim Jong-Il



Vomiting in front of Kim Il Sung and Kim Jong- Il, in portrait form

On Friday, the 10th of October, it was Party Foundation Day. An annual public holiday in North Korea marking the foundation of the "Central Organizing Committee of the Communist Party of North Korea". They formed in 1945. In Pyongyang, lots of stuff goes down on that day, with political speeches, dancing performances and a military parade in the street. ↙ 9th october, people paying respect to the Kims



street dancing

As a guest in the DPRK, the staple diet you eat consists of rice, kimchi, egg, a green plant, and boiled meat or raw meat. Vegans and vegetarians are advised not to travel to North Korea as their dietary requirements cannot be met. Despite this forewarning a woman on the tour felt she was a special case, and that her diet should be catered for. During the training in Beijing Emmaline failed to mention this to anyone. After the ordeal of having our passports confiscated, when our first dinner in the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea was laid out in front of us, Emmaline complained saying she couldn't eat any of it. The North Koreans were absolutely devastated as it was a loss of face for them to see a foreign guest refuse to accept the gift of food; the gift of substance; of life. Despite the fact

we were surrounded by the military with guns watching our every single move, she crossed her arms, and in her french accent declared she was going on a hunger strike. She lasted a day.

During this time, it became more and more apparent that she was an idiot. Emmaline trotted around with sandals on, and had the audacity to whisper comments of comparison to life back in fucking Paris! The military men that escorted us didn't understand english. To be fluent in english is considered a privilege as it provides a potential opportunity to grasp context of life outside of the DPRK. To be a North Korean tour guide is one of the most prized jobs you could ever hold in the country. The guides, however, understood what she was saying; it didn't matter that they had never left the Korean Peninsular.

Despite efforts to avoid Emmaline, on the third day I got stuck next to her at lunch. A comment about how kimchi 'tasted crap' came out of her mouth. Leaning over the serving of rice in front of me, I hissed, "Emmaline. Look where the fuck you are." On the tour we found ways to speak code-like to eachother as foreigners. In this instance, I wanted to reference the famine that occurred during 1994-1998 and the ongoing famine that began in 2002, where over 3.5 million people have died of starvation or hunger related illnesses. The average daily ration for a North Korean in 2015 was 2900KJ (700Kcal). The daily recommended dietary intake on average for an Australian is 8700KJ. Sternly, with dagger eyes, I said to Emmaline, "Let us not forget the sacrifices the people of the DPRK made during the Arduous March led by the Supreme Leader, Kim Il Sung."

Arduous March (고난의 행군) Chosŏn' gū

On the 9th, two people felt crook and didn't participate in the tour, but neither vomited. Pansies, I thought, who the hell willingly goes into the beating heart of a dictatorship only to cower in a hotel room? During the speeches in front of the Monument to Party Founding, I started to feel a sick I'd never felt before. Ignoring the growing ache in my stomach I pressed on as we were scheduled to visit the Mangyongdae FunFair. It was originally built in 1982 but was renovated in 2012 after Kim Jung Un criticised it for not looking good enough. The rides and games give a special type of incite into the North Korean physic the elite have developed for the nation. Instead of aiming to shoot a duck for a prize, you aim for an american solider.

We were in the Pyongyang Bowling Alley when I couldn't hold it any longer. I stood up and bolted for the building exit next to the counter. I was struck down by my body, it hit, vomit poured from my mouth, on mass quantity, it just kept coming. The tour guides rushed to my side and formed a barrier between the military guards trying to grab my arms and jab me with their guns. A very heated argument ensued in Korean, which is a big no-no cause of the loss of face thing, and the rest of the tour group looked on, shocked,

as one of our guides physically dragged and hid me in a room down the corridor. Vomit was all over my face, clothes and shoes. Then the diarrhoea started. I could hear the boots of the military in the corridor as they ran past yelling. By this point I was absolutely fucking terrified. What had I done wrong? I knew it musta looked bad vomiting in public but surely it was obvious that it was out of my control? Then the military found me.

The next bit is hazy, dehydration took over my mind pretty quick and I became delirious from a combination of being scared and the effects of food poisoning. I was isolated from everyone else. The tour was instructed to leave and continue on to the Mangyongdae FunFair. In a dark room, I cried, shitted in my underwear and vomited all over the floor. Thoughts of the last night I had in Australia, were my partner hugged me, and cried out of worry that I'd never come back, and he rarely cries, flooded to the front of my mind, haunting my every gag. Shivering and sweating, I hallucinated I was looking into his eyes, the beautiful eyes of the person I loved, his voice filled the dark expanse in a way that saddened me further.

I thought of Lindsay dropping me off at the airport in Melbourne. Memories of hanging out with friends, and how some I'd farewelled warned me that I was a crazy bitch

for going to North Korea. That's why I went alone, because I'd laugh and got shot at if I was accompanied, and also because noone expressed interest in visiting one of the 'third axis of evil' (George W Bush.Jr). There was noone to reach out too, to touch, to hug, to be reassured by.

I have absolutely no idea how much time passed while I was in isolation. Every muscle in my body ached, physically it was nothing compared to the magnitude of my soul hurting, preparing for the possible loss of everything that mattered in my life. When I was a teenager I was incarcerated for a week and a half, not long at all, but in this situation that experience helped me try maintain control of my mental state. The initial emotions of having your autonomy stripped, then being physically forced into a restricted space can trash your mind in a way were they have an opening to zoom in and fuck with you. Lying in a mixture of shit and piss, crying, I awaited the verdict. There was no pick your own adventure option now; I'd already picked the adventure; travelled to the most secretive country in the world, ate uncooked meat, and fell violently ill; gulag, or no gulag was the decision pending my future.

Exhausted and completely gone mentally in a way I'd never been before, my body gave up and I passed out. When I woke up I was in the hotel the tour had been staying in. Panic settled in. I stumbled out into the corridor and knocked on every door. Noone answered. All I could hear were the sounds of the revolutionary Korean People's Army State Merited Chorus and Ensemble over the loudspeakers, pounding into the throbbing headache. I collapsed in the hallway.

It was like being in a horrific nightmare, except I was awake and trapped in a world that people rarely come out of. Literally no escape, no passport, no means of transportation to another country. There was not a soul anywhere to be seen. Was this an insinuation? Had I become the next foreigner to be kidnapped? North Korea has officially admitted to 13 abductions, the most famous being of the 13 year old Japanese school-girl Megumi Yokota. However its believed hundreds of people have been victims. Its advised not to travel to North Korea under the age of 25 as the kidnappings have historically happened to young people. I'd just turned 25 two months prior.

I crawled into the elevator and pressed the ground floor. As luck would have it, the generator cut out while I was in the lift and it went pitch black and stopped descending. After attempting to open the metal door, with no success, as I was weak and had minimal energy, I curled up into the foetal position, vomited all over my clothes again, and cried. I was waiting to feel a gun brutally and mercilessly pressed against the back of my skull. I'd really fucking done it this time. Insanity had settled in. I wasn't think straight and was frightened of my surroundings, and most unfortunately, I had become scared of myself.

The electricity came back on and I temporarily lost vision from the fluorescent lighting. I held my breath as the elevator door opened. Military guards were at the entrance. With whatever North Korea had decided to do with me, they'd probably already had made their mind up, so I crawled out into the foyer, vomited at the feet of a soldier, then passed out.

When I came-to, one of the tour guides was squatting next to me on the carpet. I was informed that through the party's chain of command, Kim Jong Un had been notified of my behaviour, and that he was willing to overlook more disciplinary action if I personally apologised to him! As in that's the biggest What The Fuck I'd ever come across in my life! Even in my deranged state I was aware of how crazy that was. I guess only a handful of foreigners come to North Korea annually, so our presence in the country is acknowledged by the elite.

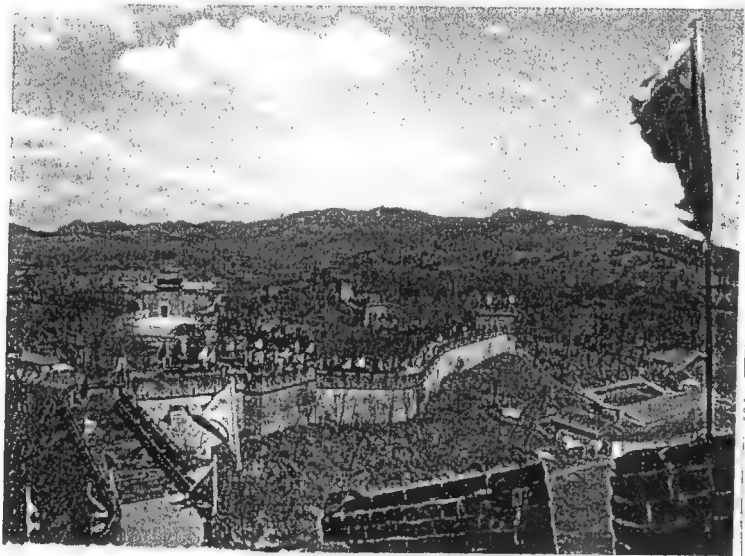
Without much room for protest, I mean, if I didn't agree to the conditions I'd probably be dead or in a gulag right now, I accepted the offer of redemption. The tour guides wrote an extremely formal letter in Korean, then verbally translated it to me whilst I vomited in a bucket. The main gist of the document was that I was sorry for not being able to control my bodily functions before the most important portraits in the whole world, that I loved my stay in North Korea and that the Kim family had done a magnificent job fending off the USA and that they won the Korean War. Yep, a hard pill to swallow, but sometimes you have to pick your battles.

Sidenote: In my opinion, the DPRK have a pretty strong foothold on the Korean War, although it hasn't ended as it came to an armistice in 1953, the USA have never successfully occupied that territory. One of the few places in the world the USA haven't been able to wholeheartedly penetrate.

Maybe I was lied to in the translation and it said other things as well, but I'll never get to the bottom of that suspicion, for when I asked if I was allowed to take a copy home with me (to put on the fridge), the tour guides sternly replied with, "This document remains the exclusive property of the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea".

Two days later, the tour ended via rail travel into China, terminating in Dandong. Across the border, everyone let out a sigh and shouted in joy that we had returned to a more liberated part of the world- and that's saying something- to be celebrating freedom under a brass statue of Mao Zedong! Everyone else on the tour caught a connecting train to Beijing. Despite still having severe symptoms of food poisoning, I stayed in the North East and Manchurian region of China. I'm a rain, hail or shine kinda girl.

Climbing the Great Wall of China in the section that directly borders North Korea, where the Yalu river is at its narrowest, I vomited up and down the steep stone steps, [REDACTED]



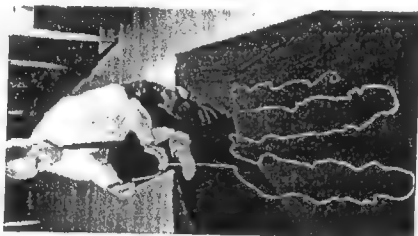
[REDACTED] Finding a quiet place [REDACTED] wasn't that much of a challenge as fuck all tourists visit that part of China, and being autumn, hardly any locals were around.

I also went on a wild goose chase to find some historical sights of the Jurchen Aisin Gioro clan, who founded the Qing Dynasty. This involved standing on the side of the road, waiting for a bus, next to some vegetable vendors who enjoyed pulling at my curly hair and gave me herbs to subside the public displays of vomiting. On the rickety bus, noone knew what I was doing, or where the hell I was going. I was searching for some rare ruins. After a few hours it became apparent I was searching for a needle in a haystack for tourism and historical preservation are non-exist in the rural North Eastern part of China.

The bus pulled over. Looking around, at where on the map I predicted the site to be, I was surrounded by barren fields and not a sign of humanities existence, anywhere, bar the dirt road. The vomiting kicked in again, and I fell to my knees, chundering into the earth. Out of my peripheral vision, a pair of shoes appeared. I looked up to see a farmer nervously smiling at me. As if I was an unpredictable wild animal, he threw a pair of jeans at me. Without a word spoken, the man turned and walked back across the flat field until he was no longer visible in the autumn Manchurian sunset. Although I was wearing a pair of jeans, I'd just become the owner of another pair, 3 sizes to big. China. A confusing place full of history and mystery.

When I got back to Australia I went to a Chinese Herbalist and Naturopath. The physician conculed I'd aquired a tapeworm from ingesting the uncooked meat whilst travelling in the DPRK. I was really really sick for months. I took a bunch of herbs in conjunction with a strict diet, in an attempt to starve the parasite.

my favourite postcard [redacted] from the 53rd Parallel ↴



Tapeworm extracted from a

the calligraphy
(pen looks like
Monument to adicki)
Parto Founding



Sarina Russo
Institute

'Job Seeker' Appointment

Emily, Are you ok? Sick?
Usually you're bubbly
and energetic.

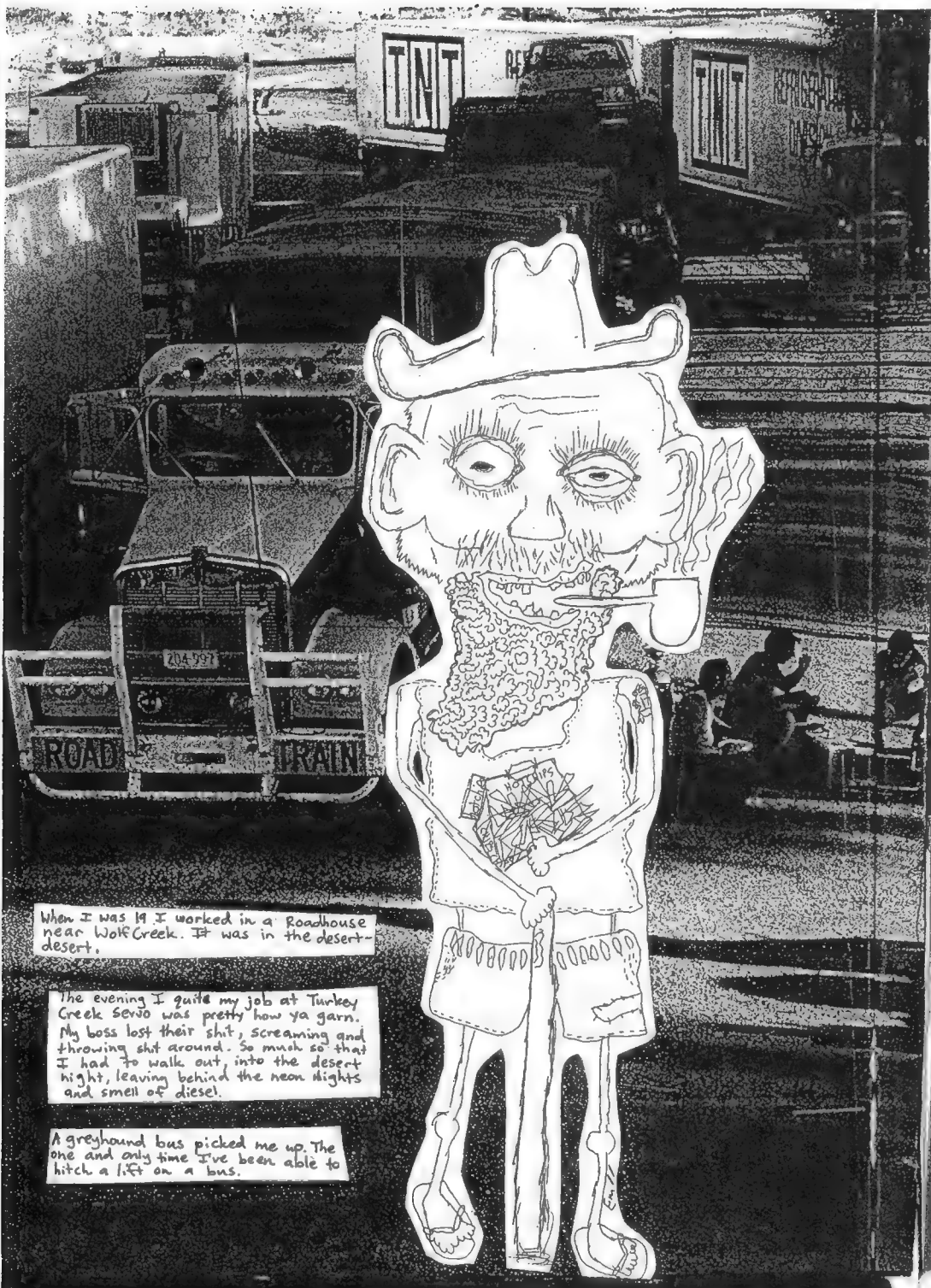
To be honest, I've been
up all night, listening to
country music, drinking
party and having lots
of hot sex.

Oh... A... Erm...

Well. Goodbye.
*Turns and walks
out door *

JP Job
prospects

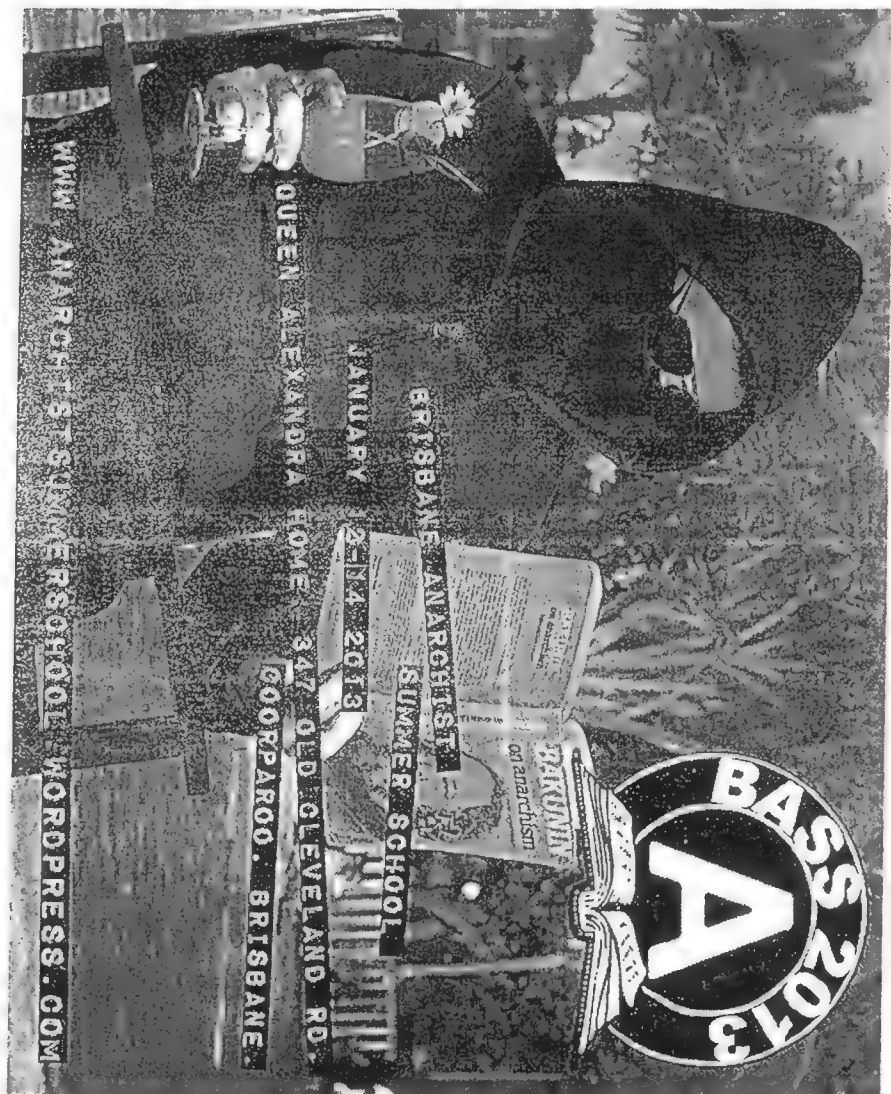




When I was 19 I worked in a Roadhouse near Wolf Creek. It was in the desert.

The evening I quite my job at Turkey Creek Serio was pretty how ya garn. My boss lost their shit, screaming and throwing shit around. So much so that I had to walk out, into the desert night, leaving behind the neon lights and smell of diesel.

A greyhound bus picked me up. The one and only time I've been able to hitch a lift on a bus.



The next few pages are intense;
⚡ trigger warning ⚡
thats why its a sealed section

***** TRIGGER WARNING *****

Please ensure you are in a safe and comfortable space before reading this piece.

A moment that has put a halt on my life for 10 months

In a few short hours, will come to an end.

I will know whether I'm HIV Positive or HIV Negative.

I woke up this frosty morning on the street cuddling you.

It was a restless sleep, the couches, umbrella and blanket setup

Were inspected by passersby throughout the night

Sharing a coffee, listening to morning music, talking shit;

I slip in out of being in my body, in the present

Like the ink leaking from a pen, thick terrified thoughts

Ooze out and stain everything I touch

The hour of my judgment draws near

As we part ways, from our gutter living room

Each step towards a friends house my knees get wobblier

Numbness occupies my existence;

I float from one moment to the next

My friend leaves the house to attend a meeting;

I collapse into a chair, crying for the past to vanish

I am alone.

My teeth start chattering uncontrollably.

I flush between cold and warm body heat

I want to escape the corpse I occupy- leave my veins behind

Cast myself away from this carcass embodied with fear

Breathing becomes a test I must pass

I crawl to the fridge to sip water

Someone please find me, bring me back

The shock is so intense waiting in the final hours

I am alone.

These are the few hours I desperately need

To be surrounded by people who love me

I have waited almost a year to know

the result of This test. Am I HIV positive?

This was written a few hours prior to meeting up with another friend who accompanied me to the hospital meeting.

* The test came back not-positive *

***** TRIGGER WARNING *****

Please ensure you are in a safe and comfortable space before reading this piece.

When I opened my eyes this morning
A smile spread from one side of my face to the other
I rolled over and looked life straight in the eyes
For the first time
In ten months

Because, today
I didn't wake up thinking,
There was a set sandtimer left on my heartbeat
That the cells in my body were being slowly altered
By an illness

How much time I have left to love
Can continue for an indefinite period
That is not determined
By the actions of a rapist

Because a foul man with a cock
Forcefully invaded my insides
Exposing my cunt to his poison
For ten months my mind
Has been held captive
In the waiting area of medical science
To expose the physical verdict
Of being raped in a high-risk
HIV Positive populous country

This morning I got closure
On an ordeal that has tested me
To the very depths of my soul
So far from home, in foreign places
I screamed under the oceans
Cried in the fast flowing rivers
Hid in the branches of forest trees
Goosebumped myself on top of volcanoes;
Covered my face in a city of 12 million people

Dreaming with the power of the blood in my veins
I fought tooth and nail in my body
Every second, every moment
To keep pushing my spirit forward;

Before the scarring memory of rape
So far from home, in foreign places

This morning, when I opened my eyes
I rolled over and looked life straight in the eyes
And thought; thankfuck all that bastard gave me
Was something completely curable

The Philippines is classified as a HIV epidemic country
Assault and domestic violence statistics are high and safe sex is not encouraged enough by the government. This is a by-product of centuries of Spanish occupation.
the catholic church still has immense power and influence
in all facets of life in the Philippines.

disting
You aimed cannon balls of deep seeded frustration

Straight through veins and into the centre of my vital organs

We are seperated not only by land mass, seas, mountains and oceans
But through distrust, misunderstandings, jealousy and hatred

Borne from the rotten fruits of our flesh like permanent parasites
That continues to devour our future; via a past solidified

Affixed to the present, the future; via a past solidified
In nothing but time capsules of our memories

Today, you attacked me, accused me, twisted my words,
distorted my actions and claimed i was a family traitor

what you typed on the keyboard limb by limb
fed my muscle and bones into a meat works grinder.

only through piercing together this jigsaw
of betrayal, wrong doing and sick twistedness
alongside one another as blood
we can rise, together,
as the strong people we are

I found this diary entry from when I was 19. Since then I've had immense closure
in relation to the earlier years of my life. Sometimes support and solidarity
doesn't always come from the places you hope with all your strength it would
the most. Then there's two choices - become absorbed with waiting for the situation to maybe
change, placing your existence in the hands of someone elses reality; or accept an
independent path, that will, with effort, provide power to move beyond the hurdle.
Nothing ever stays the same. Life is fluid; like the Murray River; we have the
choice to either sink or swim with our life decisions.

*****TRIGGER WARNING*****

Please be in a space you feel safe in before reading

Almost to die with one's boots on...

EXTREME TRIGGER WARNING. PLEASE BE IN A SPACE YOU FEEL SAFE IN IF YOU CHOOSE TO READ THIS PART OF GUTTERSLUG 3. This written piece features recollections of violence.

The following series of events occurred in 2008, when I was 18 years old. I've attempted to write this for years, but have always struggled with its completion. Diary entries from that period of time and revisiting notes from three months of counselling after the incident have been used as physical aids to support the writing process. I have shed many a tear reliving the experience through what has become words on this piece of paper, and I am completely fine with that. If you would like to talk to me about this article in particular, I ask that you bring it up when you feel it would be most appropriate and safe for both of us, eg. When dancing and partying, not a good time.

Roughly two hours south of the Campbelltown hitching spot there's a huge truckstop. With a backpack and fresh teenager face I was doing the rounds asking motorists if they had a spot in their vehicle. It was past midday so I was itching to hit the highway. After an hour of no luck I retired to the heavy vehicle area, asking the occasional truckie for a lift. Eventually one bloke said someone had almost finished their break and would give me a ride to Melbourne.

The guy came out of the truckers lounge; average height, medium build, early 30's, ribbed faded navy blue wifebeater singlet, stubbies and thongs; the standard stock Australian long distance semi-trailer driver. We shook hands in the carpark, and climbed into the truck. He eagerly scoffed down the beef burger as oil dripped down his fingers and smeared around his lips. In amongst his feeding frenzy and slurping of softdrink I asked some casual questions; when he'd knocked on, how far he'd driven today and where he was normally based. Mark answered with brief replies. Despite the fact the man ate like a pig, which is not uncommon amongst people employed in the transport industry, he answered the basic questions satisfactorily.

The truck rolled out of the service center and onto the highway. Once acceleration had reached about 80km p/hr he turned to me and said with a sick smirk on his face, "You're mine now."

My eyes shot to the fuel gauge. A full fuckin tank. It was just past 3 in the afternoon. The bastard could drive into the night without needing to stop. Firm and loud I stated, "Pull over.", no response, "I said, pull. the. fuck. over. I don't wanna be in this truck.". He sniggered, then ascended into a booming laugh that made my spine prick as he pressed harder on the peddle and the dial hit 120km.

I was in the truck of a mad man. As I started pressing the keys on my phone he announced with smugness the numberplates had been changed over at the back of the roadhouse, past the cameras, and when he was 'done with me', he'd change the plates again. Panic was rising inside of me as I sent a text of my whereabouts and a description of him just before the truck slipped out of phone signal. I was screaming inside, a terrifying suffocating all-absorbing gut reaching feeling swept over me that I was up shits creek. And up shits creek like I hadn't been before. The realisation I was in more trouble than I could wriggle out of forced my muscles into a survival poker face.

His nostrils exhaled and face tightened around his mouth, "You're in my cell sweetheart, this is like a fucking prison cell to me, a fucking jail cell you fucking bitch...", I twitched at the sudden raise of his voice, "This cabin is my bullshit hell... and now, you're going to feel what it's like to be trapped. To be stuck... mmm to have someone stuck inside your precious little cunt. Slut. This is my cell. You're gunna learn what its like to be fucked so hard you fuckin scream bitch. Fucked so hard you scream n yelp my name like a dumb dog as you bleed from being fucked so damn fuckin hard bitch."

He jerked his head in my direction. I screamed in fright. "Now now kitten, calm down. If you're good to me, I'll be good to you." Numbness travelled through my veins alkalizing the charge of adrenalin

that had rushed through my body seconds before. I started trembling despite my efforts to suppress it, "Please, stop the truck. Stop the truck. Just stop the truck please." We stayed at 120km phr. Silence. Visuals of my body being attacked started to rise in my mind like a tide coming into shore. The scary thoughts had just as much power over me as a huge body of water. Was I going to be murdered? I felt myself slipping out of the present; the situation had become overwhelming on a survival basis. I was freezing up like a possum would on a road in front of headlights. I bit my lip, and hard, real hard. I started wriggling my toes and pinching the skin in between my index finger and thumb. No fuckin way was I going to zone out.

In a casual tone, as if what had happened an hour before did not occur, he asked, "Do you have a boyfriend Emily?." Slightly confused as to how to approach the question, the man, the potential conversation, and ultimately, the possibility of escaping, I replied with yes. Mark commenced a rant about his loneliness, his want for love and then trailed off from his self-pitying sphere and asked if I lived with my boyfriend. Again, I replied with a yes and that we had intentions of marrying.

Like we'd just left the calm eye of a storm, he launched into, "Does he fuck you up the arse good... Eh. Does he ram your behind hard... Do you toss your little curly head about like a rag doll when he thrusts his cock deep... Does he tear ya cunt apart inside when he shoves toys up it... You'd like that wouldn't you... Slut. Mmm I bet he slips his fingers into your pussy one by one before he fists you so far up you can't breathe..."

Venom shot through my system like a streak of lightening. The urge to throw a punch at the guys head and grab the wheel was rising. Could I do it? Should I do it? My options were limited in a semi trailer. I'd have to kill him, properly, so he wouldn't murder me as I tried to get access to the wheel, and then I'd have to somehow stop the truck with him still in the drivers seat. I began analyzing the logistics of what exactly I needed to do if I was to pull it off. I stopped short when I thought of the

collateral damage; other people, in cars, on the same patch of highway. It clicked; I was on a battle field, engaged in conflict; at war. I was in the fucking theatre of war, a war I didn't choose to fight, but to live, I'll have to fight to exit. As a huge fan of history, from the vaults of the brain, abstract strategies for survival came to the forefront.

Move swift as the Wind and closely-formed as the Wood. Attack like the Fire and be still as the Mountain. _ Sun Tzu (commander in China, around 500BCE)

He started laughing, "You have no idea what's in store for you princess... have you ever been tied up...". My eyes started to tear up. I was loosing control of the only thing I had control over; myself. Mark was getting deeper into my head. The bastard was giving it his all to tear me internally to shreds before raping me. He was trying to weaken me. Breathing deeply I put more layers of armor up; I wrapped myself in every shield I could think of; I visualized iron ore safeguarding my soul. I thought of every period I'd had, every drop of menstrual blood I ever bore to the earth, and it bringing me strength stored in the soil. I formed protection on my outer layer of flesh by the readiness for physical defense; I would fight strong, right till my last breath.

For the next hour Mark went into a step by step graphic description of how he and his friend, that was waiting at the other end, were going to murder me. This paper is not the place to repeat the details of what he said. It is to horrific for a coffee-table zine with a basic sealed section. Despite efforts to remain poker faced, I was loosing the grasp of visualizing freedom. I forced myself to absorb the details, later they could prove invaluable in gaining the upper hand. "I've done this before sweetie, don't you go thinking that that's it... I've got a few little surprises for you as well."

Attempting to try transition or change the situation, or something of the sort; like potentially snap the guy out of his sickening domain, I made a comment about the weather, "Whats autumn like down in Victoria?". A few sentences of mundane shit spewed from his

mouth. Time passed. A rest stop was approaching, "Would it be possible to stop for a toilet break?". In the same tone as the weather regurgitation, he said, "Yes we can do that." Shortly afterwards he started to slow the truck down to roughly 30km. As I grabbed the latch of the side door he locked it shut on the drivers buttons and began excellerating again. Furious, I yelled, "You're a piece of shit". Mark spat at me. Tears ran down my face. I didn't want to die; I was on my way to Such Is Life Fest to meet up with mates and have a good time. It wasn't in my plans to be tortured and burried in some shallow grave.

"Would you like to learn to drive a truck Emily?"

"No."

"Sit on my lap and I'll teach you to drive Emmy."

"I said NO."

He reached over with his left hand and grabbed my upper thigh. I winced. His grip tightened and nails dug into my clothes. With a smile (to do this day it still makes me shudder when I think about it), he whispered, "Gooood girl. Mmm purrr for me kitten... I said- fuckin purr bitch." I stayed silent as my eyes watched like a hawk the ugly hand serving as a tentacle for his disgusting mind. "You can make this easy, or you can make it hard. Either way, I'm goin to root the shit out of ya and beat ya black and blue ya fuckin road whore." I yanked my leg free and squirmed to the furtherest part of the passenger seat. Marks eyes looked me up and down the way a predator would a piece of meat before ripping it to shreds and devouring it. His eyes hovered on my breasts beneath my hoodie as he continued to drive the truck in a straight line.

I began to weep. I felt pathetic. Rushes of anger stemming from my head dropped with gravity through my spine and into every organ of the body; the romanticised punk bubble of the world I'd absorbed into had burst; I'd denied myself the acceptance of a reality that also exists, that I'd first hand experienced; the cruel callous cut-throat shelter world;

a world outside the punk world; I'd failed myself; what I'd seen, reflected on; I shoved it to the side- I denied myself the single most important thing I could ever have possibly gained from the terrible past that occurred around me- the lessons learnt and stored inside my soul from those experiences; the knowledge; and the power of awareness that comes from that. I let myself slip into a sense of utopian dream like wishfullness of a to-be world; zines, Bakunin, communal kitchens, punk lyrics about ending poverty; an 18 year olds mind. That stuff is all fine and dandy, and don't get me wrong, I love it to pieces and it's an integral part of my life, but puting all the eggs in one basket and pretending that other random people, like a truck driver, shares a connection with that aspiration, is dangerous. Despite the man being a physcopath which can be hard to detect, I had sub-consciously turned off my gut instinct, a gut instinct I'd spent years by default fine tuning. If I make it out of this situation alive, I promised that mistake would not be repeated again.

Marks mobile rang. He picked it up and answered. From the muffled noise I could make out what sounded like a feminine voice. I screamed as loud as I could. The person on the phone must have enquired as to who I was for he begruggendly handed me the phone. I frantically asked for help, that it was an emergency, he claimed he was going to murder me, the last cctv sighting was at the cambelltown southbound truckstop, my next of kins name is...

"Slow down, slow down, just relax honey. He has wondering fingers, just let him do his thing, it'll be all ok if you just cooperate. Just try n enjoy the ride sweetheart. A lil hankypanky n rough n tumble. You're his for now until you're someplace better..."

Devastated by the words I was hearing come out of the only lifeline I potentially had, I spluttered, "I'm just 18".

She stopped midsentence, "No. Fuck what. Put him fuckin back on the fuckin phone. Fuckin..."

I lost it, the pressure of being rejected by what could have provided hope

in living another day plummeted my will for self-control. I started hysterically screaming as he was shouting into the phone, then I threw a punch at his head. Venom was alive in his eyes as he turned in my direction, slapping my face with his free hand. He pegged the phone at me, I dodged it leaning back and the screen cracked against the metal part of the door near the window frame. He spat in my face, grabbed my crotch and clenched his grasp. I screamed, I thought it was the moment I was going to die. Through the pain and fear I stayed transfixed on the predator. Whilst his saliva slid down my face at a pace like a glacier melting, I never let his other hand on the steering wheel out of my sight.

Time ticked on. My heart beat was in a rotating cycle of pumped adrenalin, then exhaustion and despair. Thoughts of everyone I loved constantly came to the front of my mind, it fueled energy for a plan to flight at any opportunity that may present itself, but if I didn't manage its direction, emotions of grief-stricken sorrow would be so heavy it felt like my lungs were being crushed by its density.

As the sky approached darkness, he whisked a knife out, hovering it below my chin. From what I could gage, we were roughly an hour from Albury. There is nothing but vegetation in this section of the highway, and it provides easy access to the Murray river and Woomargama National Park. By this stage perspiration was prominent, hands were clammy and my mind was drained and frazzled. Pitch black lay ahead of the windscreen, hardly any traffic and not an inclining of any residential lighting could be seen through the scrub and trees. The moment was approaching. To be confronted with the possibility of your life, you're last breath being stolen from you.

He slowed the truck down. We were nowhere near a rest stop. As the truck was almost about to come to a stop, while the wheels were still moving, I took my chance. I opened up the door, and threw myself out, holding my pack as a buffer. He started yelling as he opened the drivers door, "You don't get away from me ya fucking cunt". I'd fucked up my body jumping out of the truck, but adrenalin took full control and I picked

up my pack and fucking ran. I was hysterical by this point; screaming and shrieking. Trying to run in a straight line along the highway was hard, and despite the weird-brain thoughts I was having to leg it into the bush I stuck to the road. He was behind me. I was expecting the other man to block my path. My knife was in my boot. I'd had hours preparing in my mind to use it. I wasn't ready to go down that path, but I had to be ready, I was ready.

I came across a pub motel servo. Screaming hysterically, I ran across the gravel out the front of the pub, made way for the entrance of the bar, and just as I was opening it, my arm slipped down the wooden door and I collapsed onto the carpet. There were four people in the pub. The owner, the owners wife, a guy from a nearby farm, and a truckie. The woman behind the bar shrieked, and ran over to me. I couldn't speak. All I could do was shake, my eyes were wide open and everything was over sensitized. She helped me up, took me to the bathroom and washed my face. I cleaned up my cuts and scraps. It took hours, but after the pub gave me some steamed vegies and I hung out around the fire with the wallabies they were nursing, I let them know what had happened. They put me up for the night in the motel, and the next morning I hitched the rest of the way to Melbourne. I was in survival mode. I got to Melbourne, and secretly, in my soul, unravelled into a mess internally. The trauma fucked with me. I couldn't get out of my sleeping bag, it was like a cocoon, and I was terrified of having to try communicate with lots of people at Such Is Life. Everything that happened kept going around and around in my head. I couldn't turn it off. It was fucked. I was surrounded by mates at the Wake, the squat my friends lived in, but felt so alone.

After the festival had passed, I was left with a life changing choice. 1) never hitchhike again, or, 2) hitchike again. I chose the latter. Emma, Brendon, Katie and I hitchiked north to Byron Bay. It was hard- but I got back on the horse. When I returned to Brisbane I chose to access free counseling for three months. I wanted to unpack what had happened in the hitch and process it in an environment separate from my friends.

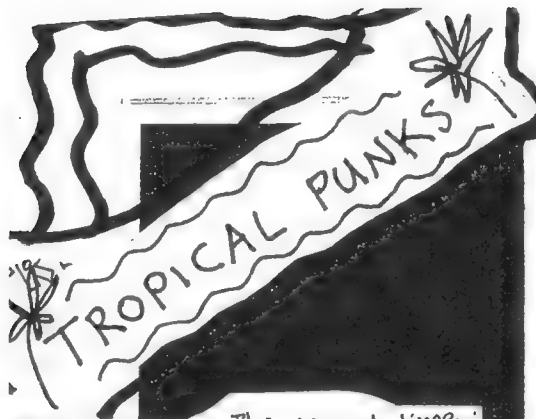
When I was a teenager in the homeless shelter, I tried to see a coucellor,

it was crap- probably because it was a school one that was bias and had no fucking idea about homelessness. I was apprehensive at first due to having the bad experience prior, but after a few sessions you can generally figure out if the psychologist clicks for you or not. In this circumstance, it became an opportunity where I developed more skills coming to terms with the terrible situation in that particular hitchhike.

(A few years later driving from Sydney to Melbourne, Gurney, Penny and I stopped in at the pub that put me up that night ~~Woomargama~~. They remembered me.)

Woomargama Hotel





The second time I lived in Darwin was during a dry season.

Not a cloud in the sky, we'd wake up and go fishing, do some yoga, have bbqs on the beach, ride our bikes around and go on camping trips.

Stacey, Calum, Poppy, Damm, Dan and I Squated a 70's style hotel right on the

esplanade/beach front. We even had a pool in our backyard. If ya really got excited, you could jump off the roof into it.

Being a very laid back lifestyle, despite being employed, we still had a lot of time up our sleeves and an urge to leave a mark on Darwin.

A house goal was formed - everyone was to try get in the news-paper. it didn't matter what for.

To the right is a successful entry from a quest to our squat. Fame, achieved.



NEWS +

Anarchist ambush

By CLAYTON BENNETT

TWO police officers were allegedly attacked by "anarchists" in a square encounter on Darwin's esplanade early yesterday.

And that wasn't the end of their antics — with one of the alleged offenders defeating in his cell and ensuring it all over the bars after being arrested.

NT watch commander Acting Superintendent Garry Smith said police responded to the incident at 10.15pm. Nightcliff residents about 1km yesterday.

As the officers arrived, a 27-year-old man allegedly ran out on to the road and lay down.

"This forced the police car's driver to take evasive action to avoid hitting the

male, and he continued to lay on the ground screaming and shouting anarchy, anarchy, anarchy," Smith said.

While the police were dealing with the man, a 57-year-old male appeared and allegedly ran at the officers.

Smith said he was carrying a 2m-long, 15cm-thick tree branch — and was screaming he was going to "kill" the officers.

"He was welcomed with a well-aimed burst of aerosol spray," and Smith took the man to the police station.

"Mr. Anarchy rejoined the melee, however, both were taken into custody."

Supt Smith said the 27-year-old man then allegedly used the cell as a toilet.

"It was certainly an unpleasant job the officers at-

tended. Unfortunately we often face these types of incidents and behaviour," he said.

The 57-year-old male was charged with disorderly conduct in a public place and hindering police.

The 57-year-old male was charged with assault and disorderly conduct in a public place, and he had outstanding warrants.

Northern Territory Times clipping

ZINE REVIEWS

SOUTH EAST ASIA N PACIFIC

Shiekoreto, shiekoreto@yahoo.com, Malaysia

Flicking through the pages of this zine is an entrance into another world; Shieko's world. Content is primarily sketchings from a moleskin book given as a gift from Carlos Granon (Moleskin Tokyo) to use for Shieko's sponsored exhibition in Japan. A quick glance through this masterpiece and the reader is placed into the very heart of d.i.y alternative culture based in Kuala Lumpur. With teh o panas, roti chanai, mosh pit observations, performance art evenings and commentary on conversations with friends facing the interior of this 44 page, A5 sized zine, one is sure to find something delightful to the eye. Check out Shieko's blog at <http://shiekochan.blogspot.com>

Punk/Ping/Ponk, Issue One, punkpingponk@gmail.com, Malaysia

This is a solid zine (more issues have been released), it showcases an array of whats on the plate in the South East Asian punk scene with a diverse range of bands featured from various areas in the region. Being widely distributed its an up-to-date guide and a time capsule of what's happening. In this issue some of the bands interviewed are; Osmantikos, Hellowar, Krass Kepala and Peace Or Annihilation. The interviews are in depth and there are plenty of reviews. The layout is classic cut n'paste, there are many visuals. Content is written in English.

Scull Vs Rock, Issue Three, skullvsrock@gmail.com, New Zealand

The author of this personal zine is a New Zealander who is a fan of avert mischief. SVR is a classic cut n paste packed full of tales that will leave you wondering something along the lines of what the fuck. This zine is a delightful insight into the crazy antics had by some in the Australian diy punk crew. Articles include; pub squatting, homicidal supermarket trolleys running amok in Brisbane and a comic featuring the Sydney punks revolting against the lead singer of Leftover Crack. Another noteworthy section of the zine is an exclusive interview with G-Rac and Biggs. The feature is based around a recent experience they had involving liberating a canoe and rowing around Sydney harbour drunk on red cask wine searching for a lighter; only to accidentally stumble across a naval base and then the back of the prime ministers house. Photography is prevalent throughout, and provides the necessary proof that the events within the zine did indeed occur. There's a speel on old-growth logging in East Gippsland, and a complimentary B.L.F (Booze Liberation Front) fold out poster. This is definitely a zine I enjoyed carting around with me whilst living in Asia; whenever a giggle was necessary after my belongings had been drenched in monsoonal rain, I knew where to look.

Spirit of The Streets Punkista, Issues 1 and 2, the Philippines

With the Philippines having the oldest and most active punk scene in South East Asia one gets treated to an amazing palate of stories and experiences when exploring the acepelo. With a disturbing history spanning centuries long of Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and American occupation and rampant corruption one can definitely see were the resilience and determination comes from. SoTSP zine captures the grassroots struggles associated with the punk community in Luzon, Samar and Mindanao with both issues having a shit tonne of benefit gig posters, local artist submissions and newspaper clippings on political protests and acts of civil disobedience. Issue One has a ripper of an article on the 'Sagada 11' case. Runden is interviewed, one of the 11 punks while hitchhiking in northern Luzon where kidnapped and tortured by Benguet Police (under suspicion of being part of the National Peoples Army). The interview goes into depth about how he narrowly escaped death whilst escaping from being held hostage. SoTSP zine has quite a few articles focused on anarchist principles and how these could be applied specifically to the Philippines with opinions from a vast array of active collectives such as Pinagkaisahan Kolektiba Food Not Bombs and Earth First. There's a very healthy dose of the zine dedicated to the music scene and the Punk Family Tree article, Blast From the Past section and many of the band interviews treat the reader to a well-rounded overview of everything local from grind, crust, street punk to d-beat Pinoy. Parts of this zine are written in Tagalog as well as English.

I Remember Halloween, Issue 3, irememberhalloween@gmail.com, the Philippines

I've seen a few issues of this zine floating around and each copy has been a solid read. IRH zine keeps the content predominantly local and the small text that's been squished into the pages oozes with rad Pinoy. The review section is gigantic, covering a range of cassettes, vinyl, cds, zines and gigs from across the South East Asian region. The Japanese and Malaysian scene reports in the Communication Section are thorough. A major feature of this issue is the Choke Cocol Singapore-Malaysia tour diary written by Odessa. Being a special Japanese themed issue there are interviews with Completed Exposition (Osaka, Japan power violence), Dudman (Japanese Hardcore) and Dreadeye (Japanese Hardcore). Other interviews include correspondence with Australian Crux (for their S.E.A tour) and Manila based Bystorm.

Confront Zine, Issue Two, noracist_nofascist@yahoo.com, the Philippines

This is an upfront, honest, raw zine sprouting from Kaunlaran village. There are heaps of interviews with local and international acts including Guided Cradle, Paraconflict and Grenzlinie. Every available space is covered in original artwork, comic strips, photos, linocut pieces, quotes and shout-outs to local demos and albums. There is plenty of political content challenging capitalism, the irony of Christmas, make-up that specialises in 'whitening' the skin and the issue of dog meat with rabies being sold for human consumption. Plenty of reviews feature in this A4 sized zine written in English and Tagalog.

Nerf Jihad, Post Office Box 575, Gosford NSW 2250, Australia

The zine features letters sent to Australian media personalities, corporations; random articles, stories and rants etc. One of my favourite Australian zines of all time.

Cane Toad Warrior, NSW, Australia

A comedy & punk music zine from Western Sydney. Another staple of Australian zine culture and timeless classic.

A Boot Scootin Side Show at the biggest country music festival in the Southern Hemisphere;

The 44th Tamworth Country Music Festival 2016

Situated four hours from any urban municipality, it's understandable that the general populace of Australia avoid the 10-day occasion like the plague. Nevertheless, this year Tamworth swelled accommodating for 700 performers and over 213 000 visitors.

On the rural New England highway, every lift that picked me up, with the exception of one, had a fond story to share about a beer they'd had with either Slim Dusty (R.I.P), Lee Kernaghan or Beccy Cole.

I was travelling and conducting this mission into the belly of boganism alone. Country music isn't cool in the Australian punk scene. (unfortunately)

Slim fuckin Dusty!

Underneath the blaring summer bone-dry sun, at the servo on the edge of town where my last ride left me; flannelette, accubra hats, cattle dogs and unsettled dust provided the first taste of what lay ahead. Feeling somewhat awkward, as a bush kid who's currently residing in the city, donning a vest covered in patches and mentally preparing to compete in a linedancing championship; I made my way through people spilling onto the streets from pubs and found the footy camp ground

R
Lee Kernaghan

Campin With Carnies

Within minutes of setting the tent up, two carnie men came over to inspect what had been erected. No formal introduction was needed. One immediately handed me an ice cold beer. Amongst the unshaven facial hair, his grin flashed off missin teeth, and with a twinkle in his eye, "Aye we got a barbie happenin this arvo ya should head over for a snag if ya feel like it."

It was quite the entertaining evening around the barbie with the ole' coles jumbo pack sausages sizzling away under the fluoro illuminated mossie zapper. I was at ease with the new company sitting on the fold out kmart chairs; ladies in their mid-40's with drooping botox, rough meth skinny bonned men in faded blue ribbed singlets shouting crass announcements, shazzas fussing over the disposable plastic plates and commenting on the excessive amount of tomato sauce their husbands' mate used. The hosts of the BBQ were part of a carnie convoy, they owned a potato spud van that also dealt other things on the side. Amongst the gathering, there was a small town pig that remained relatively quiet. Although I didn't know anyone from a bar of soap, the pig's body language suggested he was either paid to keep his mouth shut or has a family member directly involved in something shady. Earlier I suspected that the fellas who came over with the beer offering were sussing out my rootabilty. This was a correct guess. One was definitely a no-go; the other was an ex-trawler fisherman from North Queensland, buff as, covered in tats and the kinda guy that's quality for a yarn. Despite his smooth operating attempts, he also was a no-go



Diplomacy (n) noun

1. the art and practice of conducting international relations
2. skill and tact in handling affairs or dealing with people (The New Penguin English Dictionary, 2000)

A velvet curtain draped against the wall was raised, revealing a built-in large screen. An amplifier and two microphones were wheeled out on a trolley. The security guards had a twinkle in their eye. Karaoke with royalty! The lyrics of Malay pop songs from the 90's filled the room. Being the days before I fell passionately in love with karaoke, I was quite shy towards the situation.* Amongst the shouting and liquor spillage on the swanky rug, I was trying to grasp my bearings in a way were I could relax. The prince sensed this, and handed me the microphone. Caught off guard, from the book I nervously and quickly picked a familiar banger "I wanna dance with somebody" by Whitney Houston. I had an unflattering crack at singing, and despite my efforts, pretty much butchered the song.

On the second verse, with the portable controller, the prince dimmed the lights, stood up, I held my hand and started to dance with me. The prince kept trying to look directly into my eyes, perhaps an attempt to seduce, which became awkward as I had already processed he really wasn't my cup of tea in the realm of intimacy and lovers. I was also self-conscious because my fingers are always cold, even near the equator, and him grabbing them made me



wonder if he thought I was a ghost. Once the last bars of the song were done, ungracefully I scurried off to the toilet in embarrassment to recap on how I'm tone fucking deaf.

When I opened the toilet door, Kathy was standing directly in front, blocking the exit.

Me: Hows you're night going? Do you need to use the toilet too?

Kathy: I told the prince, about you're, umm, -looks me up and down-, oh, you know, you're, situation

Me: What situation? I don't understand.

Kathy: Well, I'm in the bungalow across from you, and, the girls, you're travelling with.

Me: So?

Kathy: Hun, I told him how you're a poor broke lesbian dyke that sleeps in the same bed as four other women

Me: Get the fuck out of my way

Determined not to let the mole get the better of me, I returned to the entertainment room and continued hanging out with the workers and prince. Everything appeared normal, as normal as one can pretend to feel in such a setting. The only difference I could detect was that the prince had blood shot eyes, was fiddling with his nose and appeared to have more energy than fifteen minutes prior. In the early hours of the morning, the security guard dropped Kathy and I back ashore in the dingy.

The next morning I informed the three women I shared a bed with, Yulanji, Flick and Katie, that Julia Gillard was prime minister. Without the prince's satellite, it could have potentially been weeks before we'd have known. The news, it was decided, called for everyone to break edge. We hiked to the other side of the island and went to the only hut that sold alcohol before midday. In the late afternoon when we returned from the impromptu escapade, the

bungalow staff approached us. Apparently the prince had come ashore, and was "looking for Emily and 'three women'." He wanted to take us out on the boat, and have a second date. Despite the hiccups of the evening before; Kathys attempted sabotage of my identity, and delivering a very unsatisfactory performance of 'I wanna dance with somebody'; the prince still wanted to hang out. Guess the four gorgeous bed-sharing babes will have to be filed in the cabinet as the ones that got away.

The prince's name is Tunku Ismail Idris (born 1984), from the Malay state of Johor. He is the son of the Sultan, Ibrahim Ismail (born 1958).

* After a year of living in the Philippines, by default I became enlightened to the sheer happiness only a good round of karaoke can bring to its participants. Morning, afternoon or night; rain, hail or shine; birth, death or anniversary; karaoke is always appropriate.



The classic Pinoy Karaoke machine!

When hitchhiking through the provinces you run alongside the truck and jump onto the back railings and climb into the cargo section. It's a great way to embrace the monsoonal rain and grab green mangoes off the branches you brush through. It was not unusual for the truckies to pull over impromptu, in convoy, then commence a three hour minimum karaoke and tuba (coconut wine) drinking session on the roadside. Time as the way it's interpreted in western society doesn't really go down well there. The art of patience however is a road to endless possibilities.

A commonality I observed in many a karaoke bar in Luzon, the Visayas and Mindanao alike was the deliberate and very precise scratching of the karaoke disc on two specific tracks- Bonnie Tyler's 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart' and George Michaels 'Careless Whisper'. They both have been butchered to death. The former, due to it being a fantastic song, the latter, because the president in the 80's, Marcos, was openly corrupt on a magnitude that even shocked the rest of the world. One day he got caught in his office getting a blow job, Careless Whisper was playing in the background. Majority of the time when George Michaels hit has been denied to patrons; it's only added fuel to the already trademark indestructible Pinoy willpower that binds that magnificent archipelago together; and the classic is belted out in a unison chorus unaided by a backing track or lyrics.

Chad Morgan

With a hand drawn map I walked over to the area of town where Chad Morgan was performing. Standing next to the Tamworth Shoppingworld sign, I asked the security guard if the building was a venue. Minutes later I was watching Chad Morgan play in the middle of a small shopping complex. The guys 83yrs old and still kicking splendidly.

I was reporting the festival back to Yulanji, who at the the time was residing in Mandalay, Burma; and unfortunately couldn't attend. The geographical separation in regards to this event was quite disappointing for us, as we both have a united appreciation for our peculiar upbringing on the Darling Downs; a barren wasteland of dry grass, unemployment, brown snakes and boofheads driving utes. This is the email review-

...I saw Chad Morgan play a free show in a shopping centre next to fucking best and less- what is wrong with the world. Chad morgan is in the wax museum as one of the most influential australian. Country artisits of all time and they shove him on a stage you'd expect Humphrey

Bear to appear on in the early 90's, with the audience sitting on shitty plastic chairs listening to the music being drowned out by people having a 'coffee' at donut king nearby...

I'm all for that kinda show. Fuckin. Oath. But in this particular circumstance it really didn't do the artist justice; it was hard to hear him preform, the neon lights killed the vibe, people where pushing trolleys into the 'designated area', it wasn't very access-friendly for a lot of the audience who were elderly and not mobile enough to move into the chairs. And although I don't give a flyin fuck about coffee, donut king in a shopping centre strikes me as a strange place to catch up with someone, and the conversations disrupting the set featured content revolving around rainchecks, flybuys and layby.

Is It A Place For A Dero?

For sure aye. However, if someone really really fucking hated country music I wouldn't recommend it.

Table surfing was hard during the daytime as extra staff are employed for the festival. If you're vegan/vego it'd be rough living solely on table surfing for the week. At a festival like Woodford ya can get away with it cause there are heaps of punishing hippies around. In the food stores extra undercover security guards are rampant. Unfortunately I got caught shoplifting from the woolies supermarket near the pirates football club. I was given the option of either paying for the items or the pigs coming in. I shelved out for a mandarin, capsicum, can of red kidney beans, carrot and breadroll. Dumpstering the bins are a little hard, every supermarket I found had a compactor.

The bus was \$2 unlimited a day with a pension card. Terrain is pretty flat if you wanted to bicycle.

The general demographic was diverse. Over the years they've tried to make it more 'family friendly', which has attracted more elderly and middle aged people. Cause the festivals massive the shows you go to will depend on the type of people- at the Rodeo Nationals, a lot of the crowd were young bogans. Wednesday afternoon I went to the Tudor Inn for the 'Deep Down South' gig that showcased a bunch of Melbourne country artists. According to the Australasian Performing Right Association, APRA, statistically Brunswick, an inner-city suburb of Melbourne, has the highest concentration of country music artists in Australia. =Hipster zone. The performers and crowd were open-minded and left wing. I really enjoyed the sets of Lachlan Bryan, Gretta Ziller and Mr Alford Country.

If a quiet moment is desired, the Golden Guitar Centre hosts the museum of the History of Australian Country Music. There's an extensive people waxy area featuring all the greats, a country music artefact section and heaps of old news paper clippings from back in the day. It's possible to sneak into. The entrance is a wooden 'salon style' swishy swash thing situated in the corner of the retail section away from the counter.

Busking is massive. It's absolutely everywhere.

There is a window of huge opportunity

for punks to make a

decent amount of cash

that way in Tamworth.

If ya don't

fancy busking but would

still love a singalong session,

the program features heaps of tribute events. The Garth

Brooks and Stompin Tom Conners appreciation afternoons

were a definite highlight. There are heaps of competitions

from pulling tractors to eating as many meat pies in fifteen minutes as

possible; if you have a skill that fits into the Occa lifestyle, this is also a plausible platform to let your deroness shine through and be prosperous.

If you like the sound of slide-guitars and dancing in the paddock until the sun comes up, you'll like Tamworth.



The CONDAMINE
RIVER, not far from
where I grew up, now
catches on fire.

FUCK FRACKING.

FUCK COAL
SEAM GAS.

(photo source, 23/4/16,
Toowoomba Chronicle
Newspaper - online
available)

CARDBOARD

Near Mt Fuji, an elderly man picked Dan and I up southbound. A combination of our rudimentary command of the Japanese language and the man's extreme enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that was beyond our grasp, for everything and anything, led us on a bizarre, but much appreciated, impromptu tour of the Aichi and Shiga prefectures. The elderly man, through charade like gestures of kissing the air and twisting his body, insinuated and insisted that we turn and face each other, and show a low-level public display of affection before his camera. The man appeared to gain great enjoyment from seeing us obey his absurd request for he giggled like a schoolchild and clapped. This happened before many a lake, waterfall and forest. Departure from the various terrains wasn't an option until we had complied to his wish and kissed before the camera lens. Just as the sun was setting in the sky and the moon began to rise, he dropped us off at a mega complex servo on the Tomei expressway, and asked for our address in Australia.

After an extensive search of the complex it was unfortunately established that expressways in Japan are booze free zones. The crushing absence of a cold beer post-day-of-hitching came down hard but was eventually accepted. Surrounded 360 by rugged mountains, valleys and a servo carpark, that could host many a vehicle, we began the scout for sleeping arrangements. The 2m by 2m smokers box illuminated by neon lights with a steady flow of commuters was contemplated, but rightfully so, ditched fairly quickly. Exposure to the autumn elements it was.

Generally speaking, the national recycling system is of no practical use to the average travelling bum in Japan. Despite evidence pointing towards the impossible prospect of cardboard just simply not even existing at the servo, I pressed forth, leaving Dan outside as I chased down the broombrush sweeping man. It was quickly established that I did not know the word for cardboard in Japanese, who the fuck does, and as there were none around to use as a visual aid, the broombrush man took me to the only person in the complex that could understand english. By this point it had become a bit of a cuffal, and although I felt like bailing, there was literally nowhere to retreat, bar the smokers box, outside with see through glass walls.

The man who spoke some english asked me to draw a picture of what I was looking for. I did the best I could do. The two men conversed. They both said, "Ahhh!!!", then led me out the back past

all the shops,

unlocked a corrugated iron shed and flicked a light on. I was thinking about how rude it was of me to be keeping Dan waiting while on his wild goose

chase when one of the men gently pushed me into the shed, as the other came at me with an object in his hand. Just as I was about to hit panic mode the broombrush man knelt down beside my boot then stood up with a metal ribbon spanning between his shoe and hand.

It was a tape measure.

The two men measured my height and width (with arms at a 45 angle), then cut a piece of cardboard to my size.

It was like being in a tailor shop.

it's
厚紙
dan bōru



I then gestured that their was another person, except taller. The broombrush man nodded, and cutt another piece accordingly. I was then escorted out of the shed, back into the complex and out the automatic front doors. A formal passing of the cardboard from the men to me was conducted. I bowed, and said "Arigato".

Dan and I set up our sleeping cardboard mat arrangement in a tucked away corner of the carpark. With the chances of getting rolled almost nill, we watched a movie on a laptop under the stars before drifting off to sleep. We were awoken from our peaceful slumber by a security man with a torch. The walkytalky emitted undesiferable crackling sounds, breaking the silence of confusion from both parties. The dialogue went as follows;

"Don't sleep here!"

"We have nowhere else to sleep."

"Sleep in car!"

"We don't have a car."

"Don't sleep here!"

"We have nowhere else to sleep."

"walkytalky crackles"

"Ok. You sleep here."

"walkytalky crackles some more"

"Are you warm enough."

"Yes."

The security man a few hours prior had witnessed the

cardboard exchange ceremony. No doubt it was management who was on the other end of the walkytalky.

The person in charge of the complex happened to be one of the men who sized the cardboard and conducted the public exchange. What they thought I was going to do with the cardboard remains a mystery.

When we got back home, a letter from Japan had arrived.

The elderly man sent us photos from the

Meanwhile, back in my hometown...

cowboy for cow/pony girl of suitable age - 63 (TOOWOOMBA)



age: 63 body art: 5 tattoo;s arms leg

body: athletic eye colour: blue

facial hair: clean shaved hair: short

height: 5'8" (172cm)

resembles: hugh jackman weight: 71

fears: none fear of GOD

native language: english

personality: easy going creative polit

religion: christian non denominational

zodiac: cancer

education: Life School of hard knocks

kids, have: nil occupation: cowboy

pets: horses status: single

diet: healthy living

dislikes: any form of greed ignorance

drinks: never drugs: never

interests: sexy dancing horse rides

kids, want: yes mybe

likes: feminine sub pony /pig tails

smokes: never

: it is better marry permu rishp than burn



fer female prfer perm rishp or best offer as no messy condoms or smell of burning rubber high performance driving or best offer [[the v
esire her man he will rule over her [gen 3-16]] intrests likes 50-yr's exp sexy dancer- music leather rope work all knots roping rope u
: knots BBW breeders hips horse rides 3 main roles suck fuck cook-as in house wife. sex slave .bought sold woman or girl/want a man t
fer in exchange for food shelter acomodation protection security sex on tap have own unit car shagging wagon for is no good for man w
lone [genesis 2-18] robbie .c

One night I was drinking beer in Kings Cross with a friend before she left for an appointment early. With 4 beers to go I plonked myself in the gutter and shared my remaining booze with a homeless guy.

KINGS CROSS AND BEYOND

A religious street van rocked up. After a few years of kickin round shelters I'm well aware of these vans and what the dealo is with them. Most give you some food, dish you out a 'chat' with christian undertones and if you're perceived as young, some volunteers might take it upon themselves to call the Police because they are 'concerned about your welfare'. These do-gooder-feel-fuzzy-inside fools don't realise that the cops search you, detain you, charge you with something then give you a day in court. Not a solution. Most of these volunteers reek of privilege, the odor from their pores gives away they don't have a fucking clue about what its like to sleep rough. From observation it is apparent that they have comfortable incomes were they can wear perfume, get their nails done and after a street person has mentioned their back pain, make comments such as this; "Oh, I've never had that feeling with my back issue, a few christmas' ago my husband got us a foughthon, but have you gone to see a doctor about it? If not, you really should go, they could help you." Some of them even flaunt their lavish jewelery whilst serving at the street van, obviously fear of being robbed is not a pressing concern for them. It's not rocket science, but theres a respectful way to provide support or assistance to someone not in your situation without patronising them. However, within the organised religious framework this is impossible for they have already decided that they are right, and you are wrong; they are better, you are worsor. Pity is degrading; it looks down at another's misery and upholds the pitier in a facade of self-sacrifice which fuels an ego that reinforces the hierarchal structure of domination. As a dero, I see 'charity' in that form as worthless towards creating a world of strong individuals who can choose to live out the lives they want too.

Before I could escape, the god botherers swooped on us sitting in the gutter. Fifteen minutes later because I'm a teenage woman who looks rather small, I was literally physically moved to the reception of a church next door. Tipsy with my backpack on and a beer in hand, before I had an opportunity to discuss my situation, phone numbers were dialed on 'my behalf'. I was handed a blanket and a fresh pair of socks. That, despite communicating I did not need, were still forced upon me, perhaps they had blessed the cotton socks prior? Sometimes when dealing with fanatical religious groups who insist on aiding the homeless, it's just easier, and at times safer for self-preservation to cop the bullshit and just go with the flow until you see a quick escape route. In short; I couldn't be fucked in that moment to argue my case with them, because they'd just come down harder on me; crap Christians or crap cops was my choice. They had already formed a perception of me; a 'pathetic little homeless person under 18'. Heaven forbid. This gave them the self appointed power to ring the Kings Cross police if I didn't cooperate. To argue would probably lead to being physically restrained (because all homeless people are wackos who need help). Fuck that- they'd search my bag, do me for graff and give me a court date. Misrepresentation and negative stigma surrounding homeless people is incredibly prevalent; so many factors, so fucking much plays a part in how one ends up without a bed to sleep in or support network. And put simply, these pieces of shit pushing me around amongst the pews can't fathom that, or have actively chosen not too.

Homelessness after a period of time becomes familiar, an identity, a way of life. It's an experience that can't be bought or sold; you learn from being kicked sleeping in the street, from being spat on, you grasp-how bad it can get at times. And because of this you laugh harder when it's time to laugh.

So anyway, I just copped it; the Christian do-gooder fucking bullshit. After filling out a form on my behalf as they presumed I was incapable, they whisked me off to the homeless shelter around the corner; accompanied, of course, so I couldn't run away.

After the shelter rules were read by a social worker I was led through the dark damp two story building to the designated bed. After dumping my backpack and stuffing \$10 in my shoe. I went down the rickety staircase to the small kitchen.

In a curfew shelter, the predominate food access point is a rough as guts kitchen thats loosely supervised. I was handed a piece of white bread and hustled up some tomato sauce.

I'm not a smoker- which is a huge disadvantage in the pecking order of shelter life. I walked outside to the communal area where most social interaction takes place. You gotta staunch up in moments like that; so I put my tough pants on. This cougar with a singlet, mullet and botchy tats looked me up and down, took a draw of her durrie and decided to bait me with, "You eat my fuckin bread." Without hesitation I said, "Handed to me."

She replied with, "You roll in tonight?"

"Yep, from up north, first night in this city. Hitchin through."

"Ya young, lucky ya got a baby face, ya could do with some fuckin bread."

Later back in the dorm, on the mattress across from me there was a shazza who had a few more years up her sleeve, she was 20. Throughout the night we traded stories; of being young women in homeless shelters; of that gut wrenching feeling of knowing at some point you've been left for dead.

the sting of men in shelters assaulting women in shelters, constantly on edge of living in unsafe scenarios with perverts.

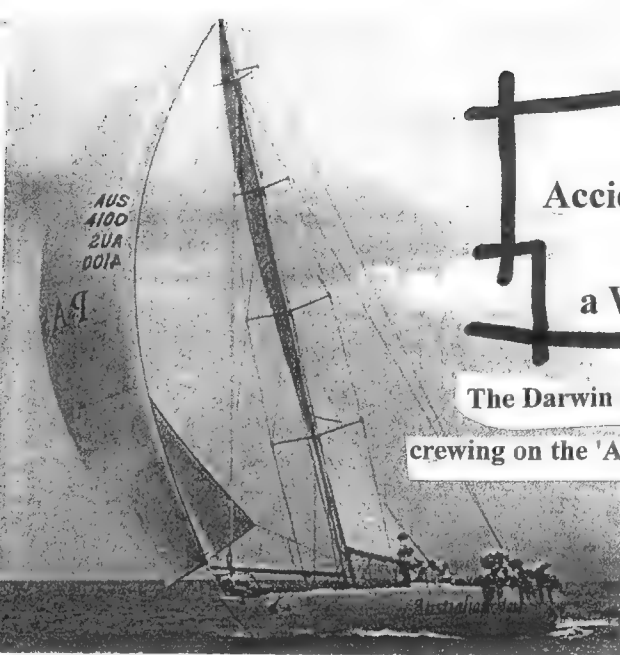
The common bond of our lives filled with a ribbon of circumstances that at times can feel so far gone from what society perceives as how everyone lives; we, are real though; and the challenges we face are very, very real. To not be fooled by the bombardment of billboards, magazines and bureaucracy that uphold the expectation of the well-polished lady, at times you have to scream into the pillow between the shelter walls away from the outside world.

During the night we both commented on the smell of the room, mold, urine, thrush crust, sweat, and dry menstrual blood. Our world, our dirty christian incarceration, for being filthy young females on the street, before the eyes of gods helpers.

In the room dimly lit by outside street lights, we shared dreams; of getting outside of this cycle ofelters; of rising above, all of us, against the things, the circumstances that led us to this shelter in Kings cross, Sydney.

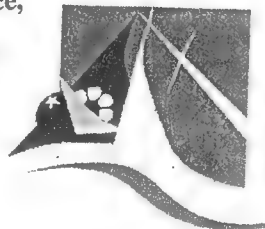
Breaking away; away from a life of gut curling pain and fear for safety.
At dawn I slipped out the front door and made my way to the Hume highway.

I used to try get the shelter shit outa my life. I used to imagine with all my might it could be as simple as taking off a few layers of clothing. How I was wrong, and that's a good thing; no point denying where I've come from. Once a shelter kid, always a shelter kid.



Accidentally Breaking a World Record

The Darwin to Dili yacht race,
crewing on the 'Australian Maid'



Darwin Dili

One morning out of the blue I got a phone call from a stranger asking if I could meet them in a vacant lot to look at a yacht. At lunch I rode my bicycle down to Cullen Bay still not having a clue what the meeting was about. Two men greet me, and take me down to the waters edge where million dollar homes back off private jetties. We board the vessel Australian Maid and smash back a few beers on the deck as the fellas casually ask me a bunch of questions about sailing. Many of which, I did not know the answer too. As I was leaving they offered a lift to town so with might I hurled the bike into the ute tray. We were all quite drunk by this stage, Darwin Top End style. I said goodbye and peddled off assuming I'd never hear from them again. Having fuck all yacht life experience, I assumed in the boat world people just sit on their boats, and talk boats, as a friendly gesture, when you move to a new town where there's boats.

The next day one of the men called me back and asked if I could come down to the vacant lot again. A few hours later he was training me how to pack spinnakers, when to release a vang, and use the coffee grinder (pedestal system; not what ya chop weed up with in the living room). Two more afternoon sessions like this ensued, then the two guys told me that the yacht was sailing to Asia in a week and I could come if I'd like. Someone I knew needed to leave the country via water for visa and warrant reasons, and they agreed to let this person sail as well.

The Firstmate called and told me a list of provisions and equipment that would be needed for the race; closed in soft soled shoes with white bottoms, personal first aid, passport, lifejacket with epirb fitted, etc. Then he mentioned wet weather protection gear. To this I enquired as to whether my kmart rainjacket would suffice. He laughed, said not to worry about the list he'd moments before announced and, "...just bring *yourself* on the day, and your usual backpacking stuff."

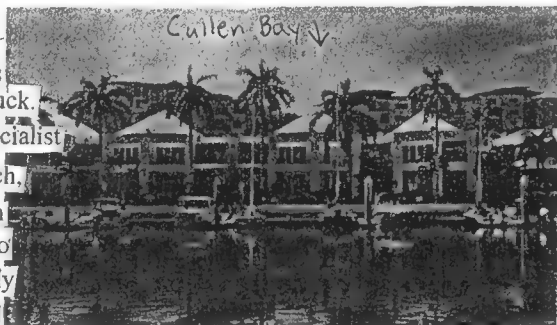


A guy with no experience having a crap time
indicating Radio Beacon)

At this point, I had no fucking idea what a yacht race exactly entailed. I knew it meant going faster than the yacht delivery I'd done cruising. That was the extent of my knowledge.

The evening before departure I went on a date with my partner. On the way home riding our bikes I got bottled from a car driving past- the implement they used was a piss weak fucking light beer bottle- not even fucking full strength liquor. At the halfway point one of my tyre tubes got a puncture and we walked the rest of the distance. It was fucking grim. Good ridence Australia! All we wanted to do was have a last night together that was nice and lovely and smooth before I left the fucking continent on some random boat race.

The next morning Dan accompanied me to Cullen Bay. At the top of the hill, with a birds eye view of the all the yachts, it hit. What the fuck. People where stepping out of flash cars in specialist gear- waterproof socks exisit. It was all too much, was so nervous, Dan stood guard as I peed in the bushes around the corner. When I got down to the jetty, a sea of eyes stared at me, people blatantly topped midway in what they were doing to have a gawk.



Unfortunately I was already extremely self-conscious for I was donned with the foulest disgusting looking shoes I'd ever been in possession of; white bottom soled lace up clown looking shoes for fucks sake. I'd also invested in a plain op-shop shirt and had my football short-shorts rolled up at the elastic kiwi style. In my possession I had a pair of sunglasses Bobby had given me that were barely practical as only one temple side remained; the other had been snapped off at the hinge. To top this all off, I was clutching a little brown bag with a sandwich in it.

The Firstmate warmly greeted me, introduced a few members of the crew, then a bunch of media cameras and microphones invaded my personal space. Anxiety levels soared; all I wanted to do was run away back up the hill as fast as my tiny legs could carry me. Instead I retreated to the bilges of the yacht and started manually sponging up the water and oil into a bucket. It's a crap job, but it's solitary, noone else wants to risk getting roped into it..

As we sailed to the starting line each crew members' role in the race was officially designated. Their were 13 of us sailing 'Australia Maid' to Timor Leste. The only other woman on board, the owner of the vessels mistress, protested to what I was assigned- our responsibilities would overlap. Minutes before the gun went off to start the race, my hands sweaty from the dreaded thought of being dead weight on a boat, the First Mate shuffled my position to what I soon learnt was some Foredeck duties and the activities they, previously trained me up for with the sail changes;

The next 52 hours changed my life forever;

52 hours of pure adrenalin. Constant sail changes; Genoa up, Genoa down, Jib 1 up, Jib 1 down, A3 up, A3 down, #1 Light up, #1 Light down, Medium up, Medium down. Running up and down the deck, switching from starboard and port side, adding ballast when gybing and tacking; high intensity physical fun activity. Being the person responsible for unpacking and packing the sails on the fore, I also spent time below deck in the bow doing rope and sail work. This spot on the boat is notorious for seasickness as there's no fresh air and you're constantly literally thrown, as in air borne, smashed against the sides of the yacht as it moves. Its also a place people go to vomit their guts up near the toilet if they failed to have the hindsight to do it over board and not stink below deck out.

In theory our shifts were four hours on, four hours off. No such thing on a racing yacht; every time a sail change occurred, every crew member was awake assisting. Due to how fast we were going, harnesses were never removed. During my break I lay with my lifejacket and harness on in the berth, soaking wet from the waves and sea spray, closing my eyes as I was tossed from either side of the bunk with each turn of the helm. It was fucking awesome.

With so many crucial manoeuvres being conducted, crew dynamics became very apparent early on; particularly traits in personalities and a persons skill level. On this occasion, I found that it was the professional full-time racing sailors that were more respectful towards me. Some of them were flown in for the race from New Zealand and other parts of Australia. As soon as it was established I was a beginner but prepared to have a crack at anything if asked, the experienced sailors gave me the time of day when there were brief moments of calm during the race.

The people that attempted to bully and intimidate me; some even went to the level of being malicious; were crew that had limited experience. The men had completed a 2 weekend course from the Darwin Yacht Club on beginner competitive sailing. They already had personal epirbs, quick dry gear and sailing gloves to accompany their new hobby. None of them had ever done a shift in the galley, or gasketed a sail; they were all passive aggressively competing for the top positions. It was quite pathetic.

When one of the men mentioned in the above paragraph went into the galley to make himself a sandwich, he failed afterwards to secure the knife used. During a letterbox drop, the sail is shoved down the entrance to below deck, next to the galley. This is done as the yacht quickly turns whilst being tacked. The knife flew across the space and narrowly missed my eye by centimeters. Someone who has done the hard yards working from the bottom up on a boat would never leave a knife out. That man paid hundreds of dollars to do a sailing course and completely missed the very basic fundamentals of staying safe and alive out at sea. I doubt he would have given this galley gasgetting girl a new eye for his stupidity had something gone horribly wrong; for people who think money can buy them anything, including experience, will never believe they are in the wrong.



At sunrise, we sailed through the passage within close proximity to Tutuala, Timor Leste and Serwaru, Indonesia. From what other crew were saying, for various reasons, such as the current flow and wind changes near the mountainous range and connecting valley, the yacht Broached* [REDACTED] This sent the Spinnaker* sail and the bow into the water. All the crew (minus the skipper and first mate) assembled at capsized position- except me. Unfortunately when the incident occurred I was doing a task on starboard side- the side that happened to plummet into the ocean. One of my harness carabiners was connected to the safety rail, and the other to the starboard running bow harness line; both were immersed in water. |

The force and pressure of the ocean against the boat was intense. My arms were twisted, bringing on a burning sting in my shoulder sockets and torso region as I tried to unclasp one carabiner-harness. I couldn't move my body forward; it felt like the water was too strong to shift my entire weight against it; regardless of the adrenalin pumping through my blood. I was actually stuck. The Spinnaker was filling up with more water and the yacht was getting deeper submerged. The mast hadn't hit the swell yet. Its hard to do a maneuverboard rescue in a 55ft oceanracing yacht going at a crazy speed stuck in a broach. The slim chance of being found later didn't look great either- I didn't have an epirob on my lifejacket- I had a whistle, torch, mirror and knife. I briefly looked up, away from the water, to assess my options.

One crew member went to unlock his carabiner and shift it to a lower area of the deck. Then the knife-man said, "Leave her. Shes gone. Don't risk yourself."

To be 23 on my first ocean race, kinda by semi-accident, and be declared Neptunes sacrifice- before I could finish the bucket list of random crap I aspired to do in life- just didn't fucking fly with me- I was not going to fucking die before knife-man. |

The other crew member shifted his harness attachment points anyway, asked if I was willing to risk being dragged by the load of one carabiner instead of two with the mast so close to the ocean (which is the capsized zone). I said yes. In the position of his limbs going with the current, he unclipped mine. I felt the load shift; then held my breath- as in, holy fucking shit! The caribbena was then moved higher. As he retreated back to the safer area I chopped and changed the harness load points to better positions. |

Whileall this washappening, which occurred in an extremely small space of time that felt like forever, the skipper rendered the Spinnaker unsalvageable from the water load, some crew had been injured, and time was running out before the mast hit the water. The firstmate, in rambo style, scaled the boat up to the mast, grabbed out a knife and slashed the Spinnaker halyard. |

The yacht stabilised. And it was back to the race. Sleep is for the weak!

In moments like that so much is at stake, every movement is absolutely crucial. Each and every decision you make depends on whether you live to see another sunrise. In hindsight, I potentially could have been ok were I was, purely on the basis of the boat being restabalised. However if it didn't restablise, it would have been a completely different kettle of fish. But at that point in time in life you don't know that. You can't know that. To assume you'll just survive an extreme unpredictable situation is to put yourself at the mercy of external forces; loosing complete control of your capacity to make the cut for another day. To be scared of making choices is to be scared of yourself.

Hours later, at 1407 we sailed across the finish line to an entourage of media companies and curious fisherman.

LINE HONOURS- Rally and World Record

Yacht	Skipper	Time
Australian Maid	Jon Wardill	52.12 hours

Australian Maid, skippered by Jon Wardill, crossed the finish line in Dili at 1407 hours Monday 15 July, setting a new Rally and World record. Australian Maid's Total Elapsed Time of 52.12 hours has been confirmed as a Line Honours Record for the event. It is more than 24 hours faster than the previous record of 76.9 hours set by Mojo 3 in 2012.

the trophies

We were escorted ashore. Before any customs formalities commenced; there was a beer and local snacks filled afternoon. It was all very bizarre. *The Customs facilities were a portable plastic table dug into the sand (that was the most real thing about the celebration).* High ranking uniformed officials stamped passports and I was congratulated as an international sportswoman (haha wtf). The mayor shook each crew members hand and chatted excitedly about the new record. Banners and streamers were thrown everywhere. Then we were escorted



off to the post-race drinks and afterparty.

That evening I saw two sides to international yacht racing; the good, and the bad. Other yachts^{he} arrived by nightfall, swelling the crowd to over 200. An endless supply of vodka, rum, champagne, beer and food were supplied to the sailors. It was loud and rowdy with a definite vibe of positive comradery amongst people. Heck, we'd just finished a race that took us across the Timor Sea to a beautiful island. Most people in the race were at least 10 years older than me; in their early 30's or older. There were six people I really enjoyed the company of, we'd all been on the same yacht. It was a nice contrast chilling in a social setting, where, hours prior we were being smashed about on a yacht together. The drunker some of the sailors got, the ruder they were towards the local hostesses, with a egotistical arrogant undertone that repulsed me. Some openly spoke about how they thought their wives were shit. At that point I walked up to the bar *as an exit*. Unfortunately I was intercepted by one of the most vulgar men I've ever encountered in my life. He stumbled next to me, announced he crewed on another yacht and then proceeded to say, "I know why you're here. The only reason is cause you fucked the skipper, slut. Why else could someone like you come this far. Ya spread ya legs. Thats all you pretty little women will ever be. Things. to. Fuck." He then spat on the ground near my shoes, "sweetheart."

To think that women couldn't possibly achieve on their own accord! And that is a gross understatement in regards to the magnitude of what he'd said on so many levels. The presence of that misogynist fundamentally infuriated me beyond capacity to articulate within a paragraph here in this zine.

Not to take away from the key reason of the fuckedupness in his declaration; but as a side note; the absurdness of the accusation that I had slept with the skipper, who I'd only just met on the race, who had his mistress accompany him sailing- temporarily shocked me.

I'd had enough of the dick-head fest I was surrounded by!

I saw red.

Just as I was

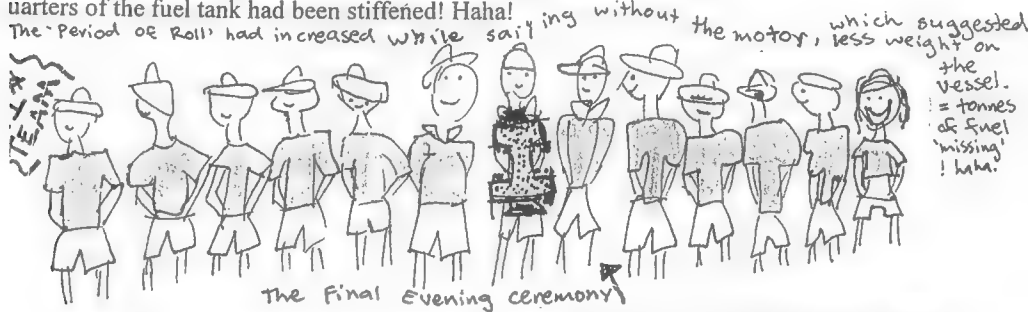
about to throw my drink in the fuckwits face and get my T-o-o-w-o-o-m-b-a scrap on hard out, and forever end any potential of a yacht racing career (which is now probably non-existent that I've written this), Francis, another crew member I get along with really well, stepped in and announced that I was most definitely there because of my own merit, and that he would personally fuck him over if he didn't leave the party immediately, because in Francis' opinion, women are damn fine sailors.

As delivery crew, boat preparations for returning the yacht to Darwin took up most of the time I was in Dili. There was heaps of work to be done after the race; repairing sails and broken stuff, cleaning, refuelling and restocking supplies. I had a few hours off each day during the week to explore. One afternoon Francis and I climbed the mountain that at the top features the Jesus statue the Portuguese left behind. Getting to the base of it was Francis' first ever hitchhiking experience. A fusion of the sailing world with the other world! Every night I'd swim back out to where the boat was anchored and sleep on it.

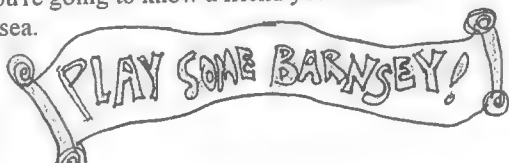


One evening a ceremony was held and every sailor went, the fleet of racing yachts were left unattended for a few hours. The next morning we set sail for Darwin, only to realise a day later that three quarters of the fuel tank had been stiffened! Haha! The Period of Roll had increased while sailing without

Rubbish the portugese dumped during their invasion.
↑



During the delivery of the yacht back to Darwin, I was told that the broaching would have immediately diffused if the engine had of been turned on. But then we would have received a disqualification from the race. On the delivery back there were five crew, and I received training from experienced sailors. I was the lone novice, so it was a great opportunity. Although it took 52 hours to race there, it was seven days (including an overnight customs clearance in Darwin) to cruise back. That left plenty of time for Jimmy Barnes loud on the stereo, drinking rum and watching dolphins alongside the bow. And also time for night watches and listening to sailors stories; if your a professional ocean-racing yachtsmen it seems more often than not you're going to know a friend you've raced with at some point, who's passed away, racing at sea.



I found it challenging being in the environment of high profile sailors, but there were people who were genuinely lovely and really made an effort to be inclusive, share their skills, be open-minded and just all round GC's. Jon Wardill was a great skipper and it was an honour to have the opportunity to crew on his yacht. I have been inspired by my ocean-racing experience; it tested me physically, pushed me mentally and challenged me to nurture my spirit against all odds.

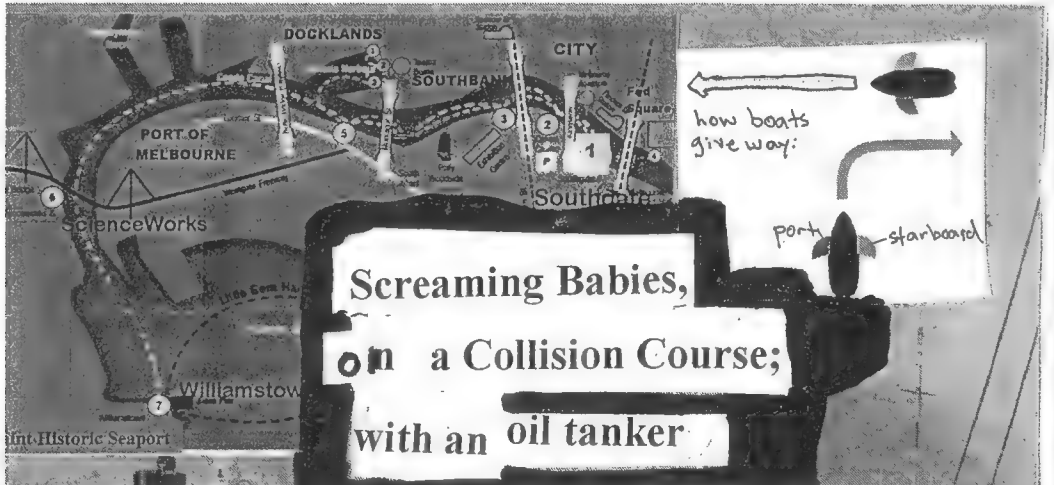
Despite- ● incurring a physical injury that took over a year of physio-rehabilitation,
● being insulted by tossers;
● and facing the reality that your life can end, before it even flashes before your eyes, out on the ocean

Without blinking an eyelid, I wouldn't hesitate to go back out there, pushing living life on the water to its extreme.

I don't want to die wondering 'what if's' through life.

That's why 52hours changed my life forever.





Screaming Babies, on a Collision Course; with an oil tanker

On a passenger ferry that commutes from the Melbourne CBD to Williamstown I work as a deckhand for a small company doing seetime for my Coxswain qualification. The service passages through the Yarra River and Hobsons Bay [redacted] The company I'm with really look after their employees, so much so that they happily let staff take Wednesdays off to go sailing in the year round yacht race series*. Every morning the skipper and I are given free coffee and fresh fish. It's the best job I've ever had.

We're on the first run of the morning, departing 10:30am from SouthGate, CBD. The boat's loaded to the brim with 53 bodies aboard. Given it being school holidays, a significant number of the passengers were younger than 12. When this ratio occurs, the ferry will drop people at a small wharf near ScienceWorks (where a part of Mad Max was filmed). On a busy day, departure and arrival times are absolutely crucial. Arriving late fucks up every scheduled time for the rest of the day; 8 runs worth. It's a recipe for furious commuters.

20Minutes in, just South of the West Gate bridge (it fell down in the 70's), the red light flashes next to the helm and the dreaded siren insinuating Shits-Hit-The-Fan blasts a repetitive piercing sound.

Skipper: Take the helm Em [redacted]

Me: -quietly- Not Under Command? Or, Underway But Not Making Way?

Skipper: -quietly- Not Under Com... [redacted]

Passenger: NOT UNDER COMMAND! Why, You've lost control of the Ferry!

All hell breaks loose.

Me: Sit down, Sir. And shutup.

the symbol for
NOT UNDER
COMMAND: ↓

People start demanding where the lifejackets are kept, babies begin crying, elderly become distressed; there are aggressive parents, confused grandparents and inquisitive children asking a million annoying questions.

Cars break down. Buses break down. Trains break down. Boats fucking break down.

Panic amongst the patrons goes up a notch as I turn the helm to Starboard, avoiding collision, with a resident Port Melbourne oil tanker. We are at the mercy of current and wind, in Australia's largest shipping port. The [redacted] movements feel like a video in slow motion as we drift.

During all the commotion I was having a great time. As someone doing seetime hours, this is the shit ya hope for. Learning first hand from experiences that don't usually occur. It's a good opportunity to broaden the skill base.

More cargo ships and tug boats were dodged whilst the raw water coolant system (sea water flow exit aft) and thermostat were inspected. This unfortunately required the passengers to move inside the vessel; kinda like relocating a disturbed bee hive nest; so the deck could be lifted to have the commercial diesel engine inspected underneath.

Marine specific diesel engines such as a Gardner are hard pressed to find in the Australian commercial marine sector as they cost more than an arm and a leg. The two vessels I work on have raw water coolant systems installed (instead of a radiator), one's a Ford tractor diesel engine and the other a more modern model of Iveco. It was visually assessed. Troubleshooting couldn't begin for half an hour. We drifted to a wharf and I secured the vessel with rope to a ladder from the bow. After much debarkle, an hour passed and we eventually got to the Williamstown jetty, travelling at 5 knots, and offloaded the passengers.

*Simply the Best Way to See Melbourne
is by Water*



After securing the ferry on the forward spring with a bull line through the wharf cleat, and tying off the stern with a bowline on the wharf and a figure 8- half hitch on the port quarter cleat; which gave me an extra 20 seconds to prepare for what I predicted lay ahead; I opened the alighting gate.

People barrelled through the small exit and onto the wharf. Shoving, pushing, kicking- the hole kit and kaboodle. Passengers who had been waiting for the now-very-late ferry attempted to board at the same time, creating a collision course that truly brought out the best in society. Like a seagull perched at a comfortable distance, I observed the frenzy with a level of amusement from the safety of the engine area, the size of a small bathroom. I claimed I was waiting until a potential temperature risk in checking the coolant level had diminished. Unfortunately all good things must come to an end and I was summoned to contain the hysteria.

Part of my usual routine as a deckie on the first run of the day is to carry a massive umbrella, table, chair and cash float up to the ticket seller. Today, the umbrella must have symbolised a beacon in the dark for some of the confused and aggressive passengers, because they followed behind me, like dogs trying to nip at a stray sheep's ankles. Luckily, they were downwind of me, so the onslaught of insults fell on deaf ears as I carted the crap up to the terrified looking woman clutching the paper-ticket-booklet.

Here, the chorus roared with demands for refunds. Of how their precious child had their safety compromised. What if the engine had caught fire? Their child couldn't swim. The lifejackets looked faded. Bla Bla Bla.

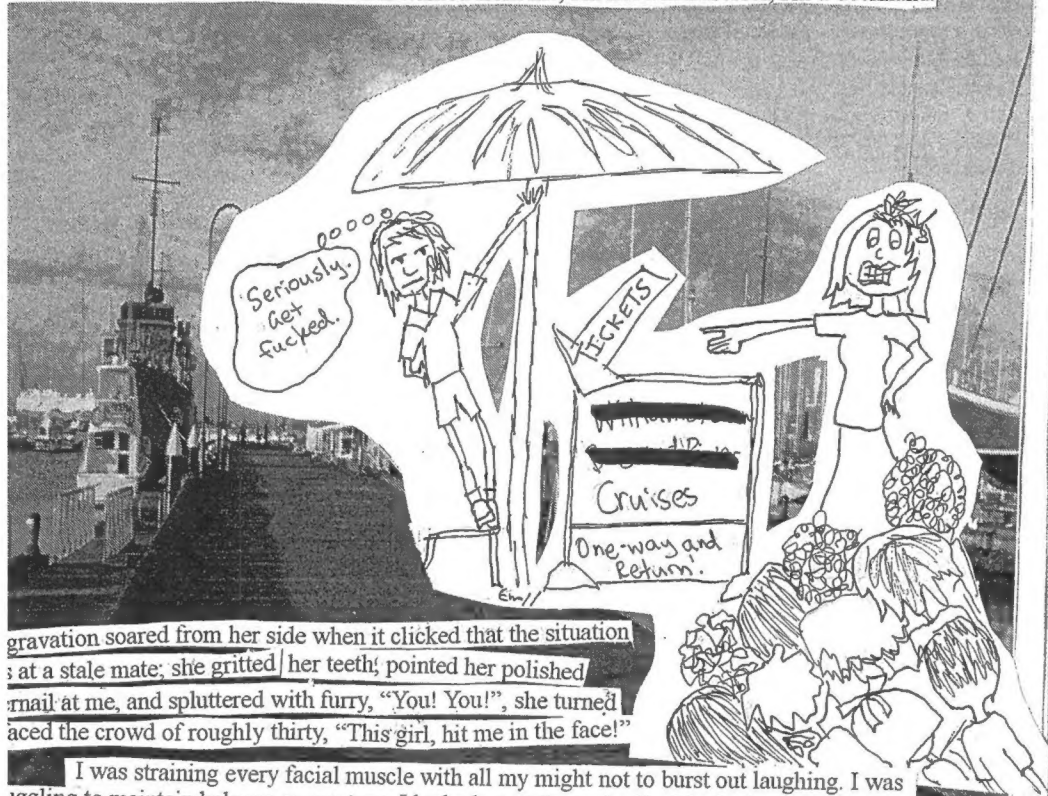
I silently carried on with my duties- assembling the punishing picnic table that had survived the last 20 years and was standing on its last legs, then attaching the large umbrella to a post with jockey straps. Sophistication may not be the key element to the umbrella's appearance but its function is at a satisfactory level nonetheless. I couldn't see the audience's reception in regards to my handyman work, but when I stood up to push the umbrella open, the crowd on par seemed significantly more exasperated.

Standing on tippy toes to reach, whilst moving my hand up the shaft to open the canopy a woman stepped forward and her hair-do got fucked up from one of the metal ribs.

Instantly the woman began shaking with acute rage, took a half-step back with piercing eyes, and barked at me, in a proper-english-sounding accent, "You just hit me in the face."

Unfortunately, as to avoid more disruption to her hairstyle, I couldn't complete the task of erecting the umbrella to its final position of clicking into place. I was manually holding the canopy at the two-thirds point. With my left arm up, standing stationary, I apologised about the accident.

This wasn't good enough for her. The woman shouted, "You just hit me in the face. You just hit me in face! You just hit me in the face!" The crowd by this point had hushed. Again, I apologised; I'm not sure what the woman wanted from me, I'm not a hairdresser, I'm a deckhand.



gravitation soared from her side when it clicked that the situation was at a stale mate; she gritted her teeth, pointed her polished email at me, and spluttered with fury, "You! You!", she turned and faced the crowd of roughly thirty, "This girl, hit me in the face!"

I was straining every facial muscle with all my might not to burst out laughing. I was struggling to maintain balance on my toes. I looked up at the umbrella. I looked at her, standing exactly in the course of the umbrellas collapse. Fuck this pommy pompous bitch, I thought, and just as I was about to release my hand from the object that had sparked the drama, another hand appeared.

A tall man on the ferry must have packed in his day-outing bag, along with a sandwich, screen and water bottle; a crystal ball. The oracle gave him the foresight to sense the move I was about to execute. The umbrella shaft clicked, the man stood back, I followed suit.

Walking back down the wharf, to the safety zone of the broken ferry, I heard a member of mob demanding refunds shout, "What sort of cowboy operation is this!" "good'oné, I thought,

lecting on the three skippers I was training under and the grilled fish in my belly.

The woman, in her postcard from the sleepy sea-side village of Williamstown, on the other side of the world, will now have something to report back to England about.

accordance with Rule 3 (f) (General definitions) the term "vessel not under command" means a vessel which through some exceptional circumstance is unable to manoeuvre as required by these Rules and is therefore unable to get out of the way of another vessel. Additional circumstances are: steering gear failure, engine failure, electrical supply system failure, fire, flooding, uncontrollable cargo shifting and stability.

Shout outs!

A shout out to everyone that's lived at Essendon! The lists' been a big task that Gurney, Danni and I have tackled together. Sincere appologies if anyones been missed, email me and I'll add you for the next re-run. On Friday night we had a show at Essendon and I pulled out the list for Lan to inspect; it was last sighted while I had a wig on, my textbooks out and dancing with lingerie. It has since been rewritten.
Cheers to seven years of squatting a mansion together!

Gurney, Danni, Russel, Joe, Hayden, Lil Sam, Josh, Nathan, Jedd, Lauren, Bosun, Shane Dooley, Rosie, Tom Jones, Zanthia, Ani, Ding, Christo, Arrow, Tyler, Sarah, Simma, Seven, Blake, Jason, Boston Mat, Marcy, Murray, Burden, Token, Lemmy, Luey, Jill, Carly, Hayley, Cammeron, Favo, Owen, Macalduff, Ruby, Princey, Ratboy, Flavio, Will, Alex, Leonine, Sam, Kit, Steph NZ, Curtis, Ani, Justine, Jake Revell, Tom Bigbird,



Dylan Chaos-Renga, Danni R, Jamsey, Trout, NZ Dom, Zoe, Jason, Southy, Ttron Rubin, Ben the Bogan, Bretty, Mel, Gabe, Lan, John, Marcus, Dan, Sonia, Brian, Ben Rag, Liv, Bobby James Tenti calls, Manwel, Jake, NZ Ryan, Monica, Dave Brown, Canadian Dylan,

Byron St-Shea, Ruby, Lacy, Myles, Ishka, Esh, Ken

Darwin - Poppy, Stacey, Calum, Domm, ABC Charlotte, Terra, Jamsey, JB

Flowergrave Collective, Kenito Ethnikobandido Infoshop, Davao Anarchist Infoshop

Tom, Declan, Jane, Yulanji, Jeremy, Asgar, Steve Tawson, Ness, Riko, Andy Lugs, Lindsay, Zanna, Brisbane Solidarity Network

Hotshots, Wasteland, Chrystal St, Mad Mouse crew

What a crew of AC's.

Well, that's it for now. Issue 3 done n dusted. If you'd like earlier issues please email ☺.

There are some parts of this zine I don't want on the internet so ask first if you'd like to upload sections.

I'm tossing up the idea of getting a camel and doing part of the silk road. If this interests you, hit me up ☺.

Keep on truckin'.



Post -

Emily
PO Box 387
Fortitude Valley
QLD
AUSTRALIA 4001



email -

gutterslug@riseup.net

Squat, the.world 8a @ gmail.com